Guns: Not for Household Use *Michael Roberts*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—April 5, 1975, 50 cents

Where Kissinger Went Wrong

Eugene V. Rostow

Manna from Congress—*The Editors*

Bob Dylan's Latest—*W. T. Lhamon, Jr.*

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TRB

from Washington
April 5, 1975

Stirrings of Spring

Hey, nonny, nonny, spring is here again with red tulips and Forms 1040 springing up madly all over the landscape and time for the eager gardener to apply his first spread of fertilizer. Alas how even such an innocent pursuit leads the bewildered American back into controversy, contumely and contempt: Fertilize grass when half the world's hungry! You can't cut the lawn these days without being struck by a flying statistic—25 percent of the fertilizer used in the United States goes to lawns, gardens and golf courses, and the US consumes a quarter of all the precious fertilizer used in the world.

Or so say the figures of James Grant, president of the Overseas Development Council, who should know; but should I then stop enjoying my garden? How can the loinclothed native get my fertilizer anyway, let alone the irrigation needed to match it? And why don't the hungry nations control their populations?

A feeling of helplessness rose at one point last week as though we had reached a saturation point of problems. Never did gladsome look of spring so belie the gloom of events. As spring bounced back wedges of geese honked northward overhead, every bird telling the leader where it should go and how high it should fly. It sounded like Washington. Chickens came home to roost, too, from all directions. It seemed at one point as though we were running out of scapegoats for the failure of the Kissinger mission, for the retreat in Cambodia and Vietnam, the failure of Congress to take White House advice on the economy, and vice versa. The day the magnolias bloomed the stock market dropped 20 points.

It was all so simple to some: *The Wall Street Journal* pontificated: "By withholding military aid from Southeast Asia, Congress has made itself responsible for whatever eventually happens there." Nothing like a good all-purpose scapegoat! The *Journal* also admonished the cringing Congress that it was probably responsible for the failure of the Kissinger mission too.

Congress has either done a miserable job in the last three months or an excellent job; you take your pick. TRB thinks that Congress did what came naturally to it with extraordinary speed—for Congress; and that its faults were built into it by the founding fathers. To cure them you must demobilize the veto-sprinkled mine fields that booby trap action under the separation of powers. That is not likely to happen and the alternative is a popular demand for the President to lead and for Congress to follow. President Ford and his spokesman, Ron Nessen, repeat that the President gave Congress a comprehensive tax-energy-economic program last January and that all Congress had to do was rubber-stamp it. Rubber-stamping was what got Richard Nixon into trouble and it is significant how soon impatient citizens want the practice restored. They are right in a sense too. It is about the only way to get fast action, and modern emergencies demand fast action more and more. The push to let the President lead, to sanctify the office and deify the man, is just as strong beneath the surface now as during Watergate. Save in wartime Congress can't hurry; it is structurally intended to go slow, to compromise, composed of three bodies that often get in each other's way—the House that is too big to debate, the Senate where Nevada and Alaska have the same votes as populous California and New York, and the third house, the house of lobbyists, often as powerful as its two fellows. It takes time to reconcile all three.

Congress has purse string oversight. This is a tremendous power, but oversight takes time and patience and Congress, as it is shoved and bullied along, seems less and less inclined to use it. Congress failed to give appropriate oversight to the FBI and to the CIA, to the Bay of Pigs and to the adventure in Chile, to the Tonkin Gulf fraud and the Cambodia bombing. Prospect is that short of constitutional changes the presidential office will expand, Congress erode.

Coming back to the moral dilemma of fertilizing my lawn I am told in a new book by Michael Rosenzweig of the University of New Mexico, *And Replenish the Earth* (Harper & Row, paper) that half of the world's four billion people are hungry, that the US, with less than six percent of the people, eats 35 percent of the world's food, and that not much can be done about it save cutting back population expansion (almost 100 million a year). Island-kingdom Japan, he says, from about 1720 to 1850, kept population steady longer than any other nation in history by the process among farmers of "mabiki" (thinning out) which was a brutally realistic euphemism for infanticide. Japanese population at 105 million today may stabilize by the new form of mabiki—abortion.

China, the mysterious land without statistics, is stuck with an ideology that says Communists don't need birth control, but with perhaps 800 million people (pushing on to a billion) it is applying the toughest social coercion. Women shouldn't marry til 25, men til 30, with three years between the recommended first and second child, and all population limiting devices available free, from Mao to the pill.

I have noted recently a hardening of attitude among writers on world hunger who are caught in the moral dilemma between compassion and arithmetic. Some leaders of have-not countries at the World Population Conference at Bucharest last August, and at the World Food Conference at Rome last November, refused to take any responsibility for their plight. They blamed the always available and already guilt-ridden US. But even American abundance can't keep up with 100 million newcomers a year on earth.

Rosenzweig, who isn't above an academic quip or two ("the population explosion is everybody's baby") is fascinated by China's experiment. And here is another moral dilemma: Communist China applies social coercion, not to say repression, to control population and its people seem satisfactorily fed. Next biggest country is democratic India, where voluntary population limitation appears to have failed. In India a fourth of those born die before reaching four years. Seventy-six percent of the 600 million Indians, it is asserted, are malnourished. Population is increasing at the enormous rate of 10 to 15 million a year. The US has just agreed to supply 800,000 more tons of wheat at concessional prices before June; but how long can this last?

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Hypocrisy:

A businessman named Lawrence S. Phillips, president of the Phillips Van Heusen Company, has been identified with liberal and humanitarian causes in the New York community where he lives. He is a member of a number of progressive civic organizations and is known to contribute to liberal causes.

But in his business life Mr. Phillips seems to be a different person. He heads a large company with many shirt plants. Before he became president his company had been used to dealing with unions representing its workers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. In the past 30 years, however, unionism in Van Heusen's shirt division has come to a dead halt.

Is it because Mr. Phillips — the enlightened businessman — treats his workers so well?

Hardly. His non-union workers earn substantially less than union workers in the shirt industry.

Then how does he do it?

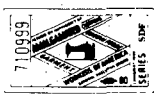
First, by locating new plants in small towns in the deep South (Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama), where the trade union movement is weak — and wages are normally low.

Second, by a 20-year record of unfair labor practices, such as firing union sympathizers, threatening to close his plants if the union is voted in, making it appear that his workers are under surveillance, and other forms of intimidation. Time and again, in agreement with the National Labor Relations Board, to settle charges against his company Phillips has rehired workers illegally fired, and agreed not to commit other illegal activities. (For a complete record of Lawrence Phillips and the NLRB, write to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, address below.)

Third, in recent years — the greatest threat of all — Phillips has been buying his shirts in such low-wage nations as Hong Kong (50¢ an hour) and now Taiwan (25¢ an hour). Not content with exploiting his workers in the United States, he is now exploiting workers in the Far East as well. (And exploiting customers, too, because low-wage Van Heusen shirts sell at standard U.S. prices.)

The history of U.S. industry is full of employers who exploited workers — and there are also a few examples of employers who took enlightened positions on national issues. But Lawrence Phillips may be unique by doing both.

AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA, AFL-CIO



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Manna from Congress

Congress worked hard last week to clear the tax cut bill of obstructive debris and send it to the President for Easter. The deadline was met, but the bill was not to the President's liking. Ford had originally asked for what he called a "quick, clean" package of tax cuts totaling $16 billion, most of which he wanted to be temporary. The House raised the figure to $20 billion and made many of the cuts permanent. Not to be outdone the Senate voted $30 billion in relief and attached a handful of new reforms. In conference the legislators settled on a cost of about $23 billion, but they arranged the distribution of the money in a way that was bound to displease Ford, and they added some new taxes on oil and gas that he specifically opposed. Ford intended personal tax rebates to range from $80 to $500, with low-income earners getting the short end of the stick. Some well-to-do families under his plan would have received as much as $1000. The theory behind this, it seems, is that if you want to stimulate the sale of new cars, refrigerators and houses, you must give money to people who can afford and will buy these big-ticket items, and you must give it in large sums. Congress rearranged the numbers so that no person would get back more than $200 in his rebate, nor less than $100, with the poor getting additional help from other programs. It's estimated, for example, that a family of four earning $6000 would get tax credits and rebates this year worth at least $510, while a family of four earning $30,000 would get only $220.

When Congress gets started on a bill that's both popular and necessary like the tax cut, it doesn't always know how to stop. The Senate was particularly generous this time, and as a result the bill it wrote was loaded with half a dozen shaky and quickly written proposals that were purged in the final negotiations. Several of these bum ideas came from the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Russell Long. Until modified, one of his amendments would have given a five percent tax credit (up to $3000) to anyone buying a house this year. That was conceived as a government-financed scheme to sell off the large surplus of new houses, though at first there was no requirement that it be used on *new* houses. Critics thought it would help realtors more than builders or buyers of houses; even the labor unions didn't like it. One Senate expert called it "the worst idea given serious consideration in the last 10 years of tax legislation." In the end

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it was adopted with a ceiling of $2000 and a special penalty for any realtor who raises prices to skim off the benefit of the tax credit.

Sen. Long also helped write a new exemption for "small" oil companies (more on this later), and he tried to prevent welfare recipients from taking advantage of a new cash handout provided by the bill. These cash payments, called "earned income credits," are to be given to the working poor with children. Families earning less than $8000 a year would get a special tax credit of 10 percent of their income (up to $400), and those whose credits come out higher than their tax bill will receive a check from the government for the difference. It's an innovation in the tax law, one of Sen. Long's positive contributions, designed to compensate poor families for the inequities of other tax laws. But Long insisted that welfare families should not be allowed to benefit from it, and he inserted an amendment to that end. He would have given the government's tax officials the job of handing out the money and the welfare experts the job of snatching it back, a bizarre addition to the bewildering rules that govern federal charity. By reducing welfare payments in amounts roughly equal to the new "earned income credits," Long's amendment would have actually done some damage. Many welfare services, including food stamps, are provided according to the level of welfare payments one receives. Substituting cash for welfare in some cases produces a net loss. Long's specific prohibition against aid to welfare families was struck out.

Sen. Long wasn't the only one using the tax bill as an occasion for social experiments. Sen. John Tunney added a section that would have greatly expanded the ability of working parents to deduct the cost of hiring babysitters. He wanted to classify babysitting as business expense, without any limit—a change that might have cost the government $1.7 billion if adopted. Instead Congress decided to make it possible for families earning up to $35,000 a year to take advantage of a babysitting deduction previously reserved for families making less than $18,000. Another provision in the Senate bill would have given every Social Security pensioner a check for $100 this year. Why $100? Why not? The handout was lowered to $50 a person in the final bill with no explanation, except that it would cost the government less. Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan introduced an amendment that would have allowed several big corporations to recalculate their taxes in such a way that the government would come out owing *them* money. Chrysler, for example, would have made $150 million this way, which it would have been forced to share with its unemployed auto workers.

The Senate also voted to raise the investment tax credit for all businesses to 12 percent for two years. Present rates are seven percent for most companies and four percent for utilities. This was more help than either the President or the House had offered business, and in the end the tax credit was trimmed back to 10 percent. Robert Brandon of the Nader-associated Tax Reform Research Group believes that even 10 percent may be too much. He points out that companies don't need an incentive to expand at the moment because most of them are having trouble selling what they've already produced. Brandon supported an amendment that would have stopped the giant utility AT&T from reaping the full benefit of this tax break, preventing any single company from taking more than $100 million in new investment credit. The amendment failed, and the phone company will be able to claim about $475 million. The investment credit, Brandon argues, favors companies with a large cash flow and not the small businesses that need the most help now.

Two or three of Congress' digressions from its job of cutting taxes represent improvements in the law. One of the progressive steps Ford didn't request was the ending of special tax treatment for oil. This particular campaign began in the House, which voted by a large margin to end the oil depletion allowance without any exceptions. This loophole permits companies dealing in the depletable resources of oil and gas to deduct 22 percent of their gross income before computing their taxes. The leader of the Senate conference negotiators, Russell Long, fought to stop the repeal of the depletion allowance and then to create special exemptions when he saw that repeal was inevitable. According to the final compromise, any company producing less than 2000 barrels of oil or 12 million cubic feet of gas a day will be allowed to continue using the depletion allowance. Robert Brandon of Nader's tax reform group says that would exempt about 9800 companies, depriving only the top 124 of the tax break. Brandon says that a ceiling as low as 200 or 300 barrels a day would exempt most independent oil companies, and furthermore, he doesn't understand why the independents need any relief. He points out that they produce most of the profitable $11 oil in this country. The new exemption may simply encourage the big oil companies to find ways of slipping under the 2000-barrel ceiling. The House conferees pushed to have the exemption phased out completely in a few years, but all they got was an agreement to have the rate of the tax break lowered slightly over the next 10 years.

Congress' decision to take up the prickly issue of oil taxes at this time was an attempt to undo some of its earlier mistakes. Newly discovered oil sells for about $11 a barrel now, a price that compensates adequately

COMING: John Osborne
on President Ford
in time of crisis

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for the risk and expense of exploration. The depletion allowance, often defended as a means of attracting investments into this risky business, no longer makes sense. By eliminating it Congress hopes to recapture some of the profits being made as a result of the big jump in oil prices last year. This is a more direct approach than the President's proposal to enact a *new* tax on "windfall profits." Furthermore the political clout of the oil companies is such that the repeal of the depletion allowance probably would have little chance of passing if it were attached to a less important bill.

President Ford through his Press Secretary said he would veto the tax cut if it were drafted in a form he didn't like, and he's already indicated he isn't fond of this bill. At this writing, he hasn't announced his intentions. Housing credits and social security benefits should have been covered in other legislation. Gimmicks clutter the law. But these are quibbles compared with the immediate needs of the economy; every day the tax cut is delayed its value is reduced. In addition the authors of this bill feel they have compromised mightily in writing it, and they warn that if they're forced to rewrite it, they might produce something Ford would like even less. It's best that the President put aside his criticisms and accept a bill that he might have preferred to veto.

The Sick and the Dead

About one in every four new businesses fails in its first year, for lack of capital, lack of business and plain bum management. These are small businesses, mom and pop operations, started by people who want to be their own bosses. Maybe these little people aren't as smart as the men (one still can't write "men and women" in this context) who manage large corporations, but they do suffer one disadvantage: when a little business fails few people notice or care; but when a big business gets into serious trouble a lot of people rush in to help. The result is that no matter how inept big management is today chances of failure are slim. Washington just won't let it happen.

Lockheed Aircraft got into trouble a couple of years ago; Congress in effect bailed it out through taxpayer-guaranteed loans. Penn Central Railroad surely was terribly mismanaged; its officers were siphoning off railroad money to a variety of other interests and letting the tracks and service go to pot; instead of being allowed to go into normal bankruptcy (under which Penn Central trains undoubtedly would have kept running under court order), Uncle Sam rode to the rescue. When Franklin National came a cropper, the Federal Reserve Board rode to the rescue. More recently Chairman Arthur F. Burns of the Fed has been warning that the economy would be wrecked if Congress ordered the Fed to allocate credit to certain hard-pressed borrowers (mostly home buyers and small businessmen). Yet at the same time the Fed has quietly and ever so discreetly suggested to its member banks that they prop up the ailing real estate investment trust industry with additional loans and see to it that W.T. Grant, the ailing retail chain, be able to borrow another $600 million despite deep financial troubles. In top level banking and corporate circles, the word is that if Grant failed other retail chains might suffer a loss of confidence and that if a real estate trust or two failed a whole new industry might come tumbling down, sticking a cluster of big banks with more delinquencies on loans they probably shouldn't have made in the first place.

Other regulatory agencies stand ready to bail out their constituents, not only because of economic misfortune but also for managerial incompetence. When Pan American World Airways talked up its growing losses, the Civil Aeronautics Board encouraged it to swap routes and seek a merger partner; the world would have survived if Pan Am went under (likewise for Lockheed and W.T. Grant, and even Franklin National, its savers being covered by insurance). But the thought of a major company failing sends shivers through the guts of not only bankers and businessmen but congressmen of both parties.

Now a growing number of men and women in the current Congress want to compound this silliness by reviving the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a New Deal-era agency that during the Great Depression rescued railroads and banks with loans and investments. At the time, of course, there were none of the last-resort federal regulatory agencies there are today (with the exception of the Fed) and in those days businesses and banks were failing not so much because of incompetency but because of the terrible economic conditions rampant across the country. The economy may be ill today but it certainly isn't as sick as it was in the 1930s, and isn't likely to be. This idea of creating a new federal agency to buy up stock in troubled private corporations has been endorsed by William McChesney Martin, Burns' predecessor as Fed chairman; Alfred Hayes, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank; Felix Rohatyn, the merger director for International Telephone and Telegraph; and such Democratic politicians as Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Rep. Claude Pepper of Florida and former House Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman. Rohatyn, among a great many other things, argues that a new RFC should "become a permanent part of our economic establishment, not just a last-ditch creditor, but as a vibrant instrument of both rescue as well as stimulus. It need not, and should not, be a permanent investor in any one particular enterprise. It should only remain as an investor, either as a part owner or creditor, until such time as it can in the public interest divest itself of the enterprise . . . and this investment is

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eligible for normal market channels or until the markets are capable of performing their function." In short let the taxpayer bail out a failing company or support it through troubled times and take the risk; when business gets better management can take over and be assured a healthy profit, and most likely a viable stock option plan and bonus arrangement for management.

As for the Democrats and Republicans favoring a new RFC, their stand amounts to a copout. Mansfield and the others want any new RFC set up apart from Capitol Hill, to take the heat away from politicians besieged by industry for new bailouts. "I do not think," Mansfield says, "that Congress is the forum to which ailing businesses should come for relief. I do not think that you are doing ailing business a favor by having them come to us, to lobby and pressure for the purpose of getting handouts, loans or whatever we want to call them." If some money-starved corporation can make a legitimate case for taxpayer help it should come to Congress and Congress should decide the case, as it's paid to do, not shunt the case to some outside agency.

Despite dour warnings the US capital markets are functioning and are likely to function even while the Treasury borrows an unprecedented amount of funds during the next 18 months. Henry Kaufman, a partner at Salomon Brothers (Treasury Secretary William E. Simon's old firm), says "if the Federal Reserve and the other regulatory and supervisory agencies perform their role, who then is the new RFC going to finance? In most instances it would probably be businesses that have been poorly managed and consequently have an excessive debt structure and large losses. Government support for these businesses would really not improve their operating efficiency in most instances and, unfortunately, would probably bring with it considerable abuses." In short a new RFC would save companies that really should fail. Sen. William Proxmire, the new chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, says of those advocating a new RFC: "I think they're out of their minds. If a company can't make it in the marketplace, my position is that it ought to be allowed to expire. Having something like the RFC is a formula for protecting buggy-whip manufacturers."

The idea of Wall Street men and corporate executives advocating another RFC is full of irony; they would involve the government more than ever in the corporate boardroom even while decrying federal intervention into matters of safety, environment and product warranty. Protect my purse but not necessarily my worker or the public—that seems to be the logic. Or as Rep. Henry Reuss (Patman's Banking Committee chairman successor) puts it, a new RFC is "the beginning of the corporate state. We ought to make it clear that the Treasury of the United States is not a fund to bail out business mismanagement or the production of products that customers don't want to buy."

Who's Biased?

Attack on CBS

At the same time that some congressional committees are striking out to prevent what they consider distortions in television news, a book highly critical of CBS News is being given extensive circulation. The book, *TV and National Defense,* was published last fall by the conservative Institute for American Strategy. It argues that "CBS News frequently excluded views on key issues that ran counter to the broadcast opinions of its own men. This partial and slanted reporting and interpretation by CBS News had the effect of narrowing the parameters of debate on defense and foreign policy questions." That's pretty powerful stuff, particularly when the book also charges that the CBS Vietnam coverage during 1972 and 1973 was "unfair and lopsided," "highly critical of the US position," with CBS newsmen advocating, among other things, "a speedy withdrawal" from South Vietnam.

CBS is taking the study seriously, trying to provide network officials to debate the study's author, Ernest Lefever, in various forums. CBS thinks it must respond this way, given the study's constant reference to the fairness doctrine and the ever-hanging threat that the network could end up having to defend itself before the FCC.

It is difficult to read the study as serious research. I am suspicious of any effort to analyze statistically something as hard to isolate as "fairness" particularly in the output of one network over two years. Fair to whom? The author, Mr. Lefever, believes "fairness is something that can be objectively determined. It is not like aesthetics and art," he said. "Fairness is more akin to justice." Mr. Lefever should be reminded that justice can end up being what five of nine Supreme Court justices say it is after studying all the facts and allegations. Mr. Lefever and his colleagues did not study all the facts, only a selected portion of them.

First, they did not take the *entire* 1972-73 output of CBS News, only the "CBS Evening News"—the Cronkite show. They added news specials in 1972 and some segments of "60 minutes," but not those programs for 1973. Furthermore they did not use either the "CBS Morning News" or "Face the Nation," the Sunday interview program, for either 1972 or 1973. They also failed to include the vast outpouring from CBS radio news, which pioneered, through a series called "Spectrum," in airing views from a variety of political positions.

So the Lefever study springs from an incomplete sampling. What it does with the factual material it uses further illustrates for me the intellectual dishonesty of the study. One of its measuring rods is a so-called "view-point analysis." In this category Lefever and his colleagues found CBS slanted toward a peacenik view

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that wanted less armament and generally deprecated the military threat facing the United States. How did this position emerge? Well, first the study used only 1972 broadcasts of the "CBS Evening News." Secondly, it took some 1396 transcripts of news items delivered that year that dealt with national security and foreign policy. Visual material was not considered because it confused analysis. In other words, the study ended up measuring viewpoints that came across to those not watching television, only listening to it. The analysis then dropped 1122 of the scripts on the pretext that they contained no identifiable viewpoints. In other words, four out of five items carried on the "CBS Evening News" had no particular point of view at all. The study then searched the remaining 274 for what it could determine as bias.

Naturally it found some, but how does one measure bias? If persons reading transcripts themselves feel strongly about an issue—like defense—how qualified are they to determine that a statement is slanted? And if a TV news show airs the statement of one position, then follows it with the views of someone who thinks otherwise, how can one arbitrarily weigh those views?

I don't think it can be done well, particularly by researchers who, in reading scripts, ignored the video part of television news reports and the messages it conveys. Mr. Lefever and his colleagues were content to count sentences and words. And not surprisingly they came out finding CBS heavily favored viewpoints with which the study's sponsors disagree.

CBS officials, in going over the details of the study, found that a few scripts were incomplete. Phrases that appeared to qualify the point of view were left out. For example a December 1973 Walter Cronkite report that the Soviets had reduced their military budget was judged favorable to the Soviets. But CBS found that Cronkite had pointed out that Soviet figures are not considered reliable. CBS has been unable to double-check all the scripts analyzed because the study sponsors won't turn over the scripts they used. Instead Mr. Lefever's group and CBS have engaged in a name-calling contest over who is more open with files.

A few examples demonstrate how badly flawed this system of analysis really is. On June 13, 1972 Dan Rather said of the SALT agreements: "Some Congressmen and many military men still believe the President got less than he should have from the Russians. But apparently an overwhelming majority of Congress disagrees. Quick approval of the missile agreements is expected." The first sentence is given an "A" rating by the study, as holding that the military threat to the US is more serious than perceived by the government. The second sentence was rated "B," representing the government position. Earlier sentences in the same Rather report were given A or B ratings. How can this counting of "A" and "B" sentences begin to measure the impact of an entire story?

A news report from the 1972 Democratic convention two weeks later provides another glaring example of how such analysis can go wrong. Daniel Schorr, covering the Democratic platform hearings, said on the Cronkite program: "For those who have evaded service [the platform called for] 'amnesty on an appropriate basis' after the war when the prisoners are returned." Obviously that sentence was part of a longer script, yet the Lefever study classified it alone as "C," meaning that it favored the position that US national security efforts should be decreased. Ironically that plank was made government policy in 1974. Should the Schorr broadcast now be rated "B"?

What is interesting about the Lefever study is not its findings, which given the conservative sponsorship of the book are understandable. It's the attention paid to it by CBS. If *The New York Times* or *Time* were subjected to such faulty analysis, I doubt whether anyone working for those publications would give it a second thought. Thus I return to a point I have tried to make before. The seeds planted by Nixon and Agnew have borne fruit. And television news, powerful as it is, cannot seem to respond to infringements on coverage or to biased attacks secure in the belief that press freedom applies to television.

Walter Pincus

Mr. Pincus of our staff is also a consultant to NBC news.

Liberals without A Cause

Chicago

When 125 liberal Democrats gathered here, March 13 and 14, to plot 1976 presidential campaign strategy, they met at a motel on the fringes of O'Hare airport that had recently been rescued from the brink of bankruptcy. The liberals may not be so lucky. For in the space of one 24-hour day surprisingly lacking in rancor, those who attended—mainly veterans of the 1968 McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns and the 1972 McGovern and Muskie efforts—revealed all the internal strengths and inconsistencies that have enabled them to topple Presidents and win conventions, but lose elections.

They came, activists and strategists, theoreticians and financiers, hoping to find some common basis for unity, a coherent program and, perhaps, a candidate. They departed without a candidate, a program or a strategy. For many this was the third such conference in six months, each of them beginning with high hopes and ending inconclusively.

The meeting began auspiciously enough, after R.W. Apple of *The New York Times* succeeded in opening it to

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press coverage by reminding all who would listen, and in a very loud voice, that it would be inconsistent for a group priding itself on opening the doors of Democratic party deliberations to close its own. Then pollsters Louis Harris, Patrick Caddell and Peter Hart, each drawing on different data, announced, more or less in unison: 1) that the conventional Democratic wisdom was wrong—that those who believe the present American economic crisis will forge a new coalition of the sort that propelled Franklin Roosevelt to four successive terms are not recognizing the massive shifts in the allegiances of the American electorate; 2) that the voting public is equally fed up with Republican appeals to their fears and Democratic promises for their pocketbooks, mistrustful of the nation's leadership and institutions, and pessimistic about the future; 3) that Americans seem to be looking for leadership that will tell the truth, demand necessary and equitable sacrifice and present a program bold in its conception and bearing little relation to old Democratic policy and rhetoric.

The stage thus seemed set for a serious and open discussion of a liberal agenda. But by the next morning the consensus was missing. In a panel on issues, chaired by former Ohio Gov. John Gilligan, William Holayter of the Machinists Union talked of the necessity for the liberals not to fracture the tenuous alliance with labor created after the disastrous campaign of 1968. Joseph L. Rauh, vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, rose to say that it was the obligation of liberals to face squarely the issues that divide the old Democratic coalition. Lt. Gov. Mary Ann Krupsak of New York said that if liberals were going to be successful they had to attack the issues that affected the quality of every individual's life. Whereupon Ed Sadlowski, the insurgent Steelworkers' leader, announced that the central issues are economic—jobs for those who need them and a tax cut in the neighborhood of $70 billion.

To restore the harmony of the previous evening, Rep. Bella Abzug said, "What we need is a program. What we need is to define our position on defense, on the economy, on energy, on the environment, on the quality of life, take our program to the people and make the candidates speak to it." No sooner than she sat down, Democratic party vice-chairman Basil Patterson rose to say "Talking about issues is easy. I love commenting on everything in the morning paper. But the most important job for us is the nuts and bolts of organizing." For whom and for what? Answer: For Robert Vance of Alabama who's running for chairman of the Democratic state chairman's associaton.

Nor was there any particular agreement about candidates, except for a general sense that none of the announced candidates has distinguished himself yet. Reactions ranged from Joe Rauh's ("I'm against everybody in the race") to former congressional candidate Sylvia Chaplain's ("If Jesus Christ were in the race, we'd find something wrong with him.").

Perhaps underlying the lack of agreement was the feeling that the people gathered here shared in common only the past but not a common vision of the future. They had been brought together by the war in Vietnam and the various procedural battles for equality, access and power within the Democratic party; they hang together now because of their unanimous dislike for Sen. Henry Jackson and Gov. George C. Wallace.

As one participant, Colorado's Sam Brown, put it, "Let's face it, we're not going to agree. Some of us are populist; others of us are socialists. [He might have said, still others are New Deal Democrats.] I am supporting a candidate, some others of you are supporting other candidates, and still others have no candidate. We all have different agendas."

Curtis B. Gans

Mr. Gans was staff director of Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign in 1968.

Guns and Bullets

Not for Household Use

This is a season of optimism about the prospects of decreasing Americans' opportunities to shoot each other. Handgun control legislation, that frail congressional perennial, is budding again. At least 30 bills have been introduced, and hearings are underway in the House Judiciary Committee's crime subcommittee. Also the Justice Department is poised to make its first affirmative move since the Johnson administration. Attorney General Edward H. Levi, who pledged a high priority to the handgun problem in his confirmation hearings, will, it is said, submit his own legislative proposal in about a month.

Meanwhile in a development that has outraged and horrified pro-gun people, the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC) has been forced to decide whether handgun bullets should be banned as hazardous substances. The CPSC thought it had seen the last of a submitted "ban the bullet" petition when it ducked jurisdiction in a ruling last September. In December, however, a federal court ordered the commission to consider the petition on its merits. The force behind this showdown is Susan Sullivan, a Winnetka, Illinois, housewife and mother of five. Her interest in the issue grew out of dismay at the crime rate in the Chicago area ("I'd be absolutely nuts to let my kids go into the city"), but she didn't know what to do about it until reading—

The author of this article, *Michael Roberts*, is a sports writer for *The Washington Star*.

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in a magazine called *Guns and Ammo*, of all places—that the CPSC might have jurisdiction over ammunition. Mrs. Sullivan organized the Committee for Handgun Control, Inc., which petitioned the agency to ban the sale of handgun bullets to anyone except police, the military, security guards and licensed pistol clubs.

Its original ruling in the case puts the CPSC in a slightly uncomfortable position. While renouncing jurisdiction on the theory that Congress never intended to confer such authority, the commission did declare that handgun bullets fall within the meaning of the definition of hazardous substances under the Federal Hazardous Substances Act, which it administers. Now, after the successful lawsuit by the Committee for Handgun Control, the commission is stuck with jurisdiction and must choose between concluding that bullets aren't hazardous or granting the petition and taking on the wrath of the National Rifle Association and the firearms manufacturers.

Gun and bullet advocates are leaving as little as possible to chance. Sen. James McClure (R, Idaho) has introduced a bill to explicitly bar the CPSC from dealing with the issue. Then there's the mail. The receptionists at the CPSC giggle when someone asks to see "the bullet file." The visitor is shown to a room in which there are perhaps two dozen cardboard cartons stuffed with correspondence from about 60,000 citizens who have cared enough to write in the weeks since public comment was first invited. This is a new experience for an agency accustomed to getting at most 100 letters on any subject. The first batch sorted turned up about 6000 comments opposing the petition and less than 40 in favor.

Thousands of the negative responses are, of course, form letters and mimeographs generated by gun clubs. But countless others are heartfelt individual paraphrases of the standard arguments in favor of the armed household: automobiles are dangerous too; other household items—naptha, ammonia, medicines—are more hazardous; control is a Communist plot; the letter of the Constitution precludes interference; householders must be equipped to match criminals shot for shot.

This last is one of the more common complaints in the letters. The self-defense argument, however, turns out to be something of an embarrassment in view of the NRA's reasoning in asking the commission to abandon proceedings on the "ban the bullet" petition. Characterizing handguns in a counterpetition as suitable only for the field or the target range, the NRA added, "Ammunition is *not* intended or suitable for household use."

If the NRA is unmindful of irony in acknowledging that bullets aren't for the home, others are not. Michael Hausfeld, a lawyer for the Committee for Handgun Control, Inc., is proposing an immediate temporary ban on the sale of ammunition "for household use," and is seeking to learn what percentage of NRA handgun owners use their weapons for purposes the association considers suitable. Hausfeld argues that it's not the intended purpose that counts, but the actual use to which the product is put.

Similar lines of reasoning figure in some of the legislation offered this session. Certain bills are meant to deal only with bona fide criminal intent; others take into account the possibility of accidents, shootouts with intruders and impulsive acts against family members or neighbors. Rep. Walter Fauntroy (D, DC), whose proposal goes a bit farther than most of the others in banning not only the manufacture and sale but also the ownership of handguns, says, "One of the things that really gets home to me after weeks of debating the issue is that they [gun control opponents] do not focus on the noncrime aspects. Crime is not by any means the chief source of handgun deaths in this country . . . my background as a minister and civil rights activist has had me attending and arranging many handgun funerals, most of which have been the results of either accidents or family quarrels."

There is also considerable misinformation about the so-called "Saturday night special," the elimination of which is proposed by three House measures. There are no specific criteria (other than low price) for identifying "special," an omission the lawmakers in question try to remedy with melting point and tensile strength specifications. According to Rep. Abner Mikva (D, Ill.), author of a manufacture, importation and sale banning bill, this approach is deceptive. Mikva points out that such specifications are enforceable only through consumer complaints. The user of the gun, he argues, is unlikely to gripe and the consumer of the bullets is often unable to. Furthermore evidence suggests the inferior shootin' iron is declining in popularity. *The New York Times* recently reported that about 75 percent of the illegal handguns in New York fall into what Mikva calls the "Sunday through Friday" category.

Still if the 94th Congress winds up with a handgun control law to its credit, it will almost certainly be addressed to banning "specials" or strengthening criminal penalties for felony-connected handgun use. The Mikva measure and several others like it stand very little chance of passage; the Fauntroy bill stands none. Mikva, however, sees cause for optimism: "Now, for the first time, there is this counter-lobby, a citizens' lobby. They are making a difference. For the first time I'm getting as much mail in favor of gun control as against it. For the first time, the gun forces are on the defensive, in terms of having to fight on several fronts. Every gun journal has carried a piece about these kooky women from Illinois, who are going to take away their handgun ammunition. And they may well."

One way or another the Consumer Product Safety Commission must act soon. Its comment period ends in mid-April. Meanwhile the crime subcommittee hearings will continue in Washington and go on the road

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this month to visit such cities as Detroit and Chicago. If nothing else, Mikva says, it's clear the Judiciary Committee puts a high priority on airing the issue. "If I were a betting man, I'd still say the chances were less than 50-50 [for an effective law], but to get full consideration for gun control—that's a new high."

Michael Roberts

Where Kissinger Went Wrong

A Basis for Peace

by Eugene V. Rostow

The essence of the American national interest in world politics is not order alone, but peace. Our goal is not simply to achieve and maintain a deterrent balance of power, but on that indispensable foundation to help build a system of peace, characterized by the expectation that the basic rules of the United Nations Charter regarding the international use of force will be generally, and reciprocally, obeyed and enforced. The ideal of law has been the organizing principle guiding the evolution of American democracy at home. It is the only possible first principle for the foreign policy of a democracy that aspires to remain a democracy.

The New Republic's editorial, "Mideast Peace?" (March 8, 1975) does not invoke this standard for judgment in discussing Secretary Kissinger's step-by-step Middle East diplomacy. Instead *The New Republic,* like every other newspaper and magazine I have seen in recent months, examines the subject in terms of the administration's premises, which it fully accepts. "Mideast Peace?" starts with the official thesis that Mr. Kissinger's approach was necessary in order "to maintain the momentum" for peace in the area; prevent any threat to the future of "détente"; and minimize the risk of another war, and another oil embargo. Behind these phrases was the hope that the Secretary would be able to separate Egypt from the other Arab states, and from the Soviet Union, and thus diminish Soviet influence in the area. Therefore our columnists and editorial writers said, Israel should not be "intransigent," "unimaginative," or "too difficult" about terms; on the contrary it should withdraw from some, or most, or all of the territories occupied in the course of the 1967 and 1973 wars, without a firm agreement of peace, in exchange for more or less impalpable political assurances, conveyed to the United States and not to Israel, and perhaps even conveyed secretly. There are, of course, differences of emphasis among those who write and speak on the subject. Some are clearly vexed with the Israelis for not withdrawing from all the occupied territories forthwith, and urge the Secretary of State to put even more pressure on Israel to withdraw quickly, and without real political counterparts. *The New Republic,* to the contrary, argued that it really wasn't unreasonable, after all, for the Israelis to hold out for "reciprocal—if necessarily asymmetrical—political concessions from Egypt" in return for partial withdrawals from territory of military significance.

The New Republic did not mention the most important feature of Mr. Kissinger's ill-fated Middle East campaign: the fact that the Secretary has abandoned the two key Security Council resolutions on the subject: Resolution 242 of November 22, 1967, and Resolution 338 of October 22, 1973. Resolution 338 is one of the Security Council's rare "decisions," imposing a binding legal obligation on all members of the United Nations. Legally and politically it has the extraordinary status of the Security Council resolutions on Namibia (the former South African mandate for German Southwest Africa) and Rhodesia. Resolution 338 was adopted in time to prevent the complete rout of the defeated Arab forces in 1973; it commands the parties concerned to negotiate a just and durable peace "immediately and concurrently with the cease-fire," in accordance with the principles and provisions of Resolution 242. Equally it commands every other member of the United Nations to help the parties fulfill these difficult instructions.

Under the Security Council resolutions, Israel is not required to withdraw one inch from the territories it holds as the occupying power until its Arab neighbors

Eugene V. Rostow, professor of law at Yale, and president of the Atlantic Treaty Association, was Undersecretary of State from 1966 to 1969.

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have made peace. This is the famous "package deal" of Resolution 242—withdrawal for peace, and no withdrawal without peace. The twin Security Council resolutions require the parties to negotiate peace agreements that prescribe security arrangements, including demilitarized zones; provide guarantees for maritime rights through all the international waterways of the region; deal justly with the refugees; and establish secure and recognized boundaries—which need not be the same as the Armistice Demarcation Lines of 1949—to which Israel would withdraw.

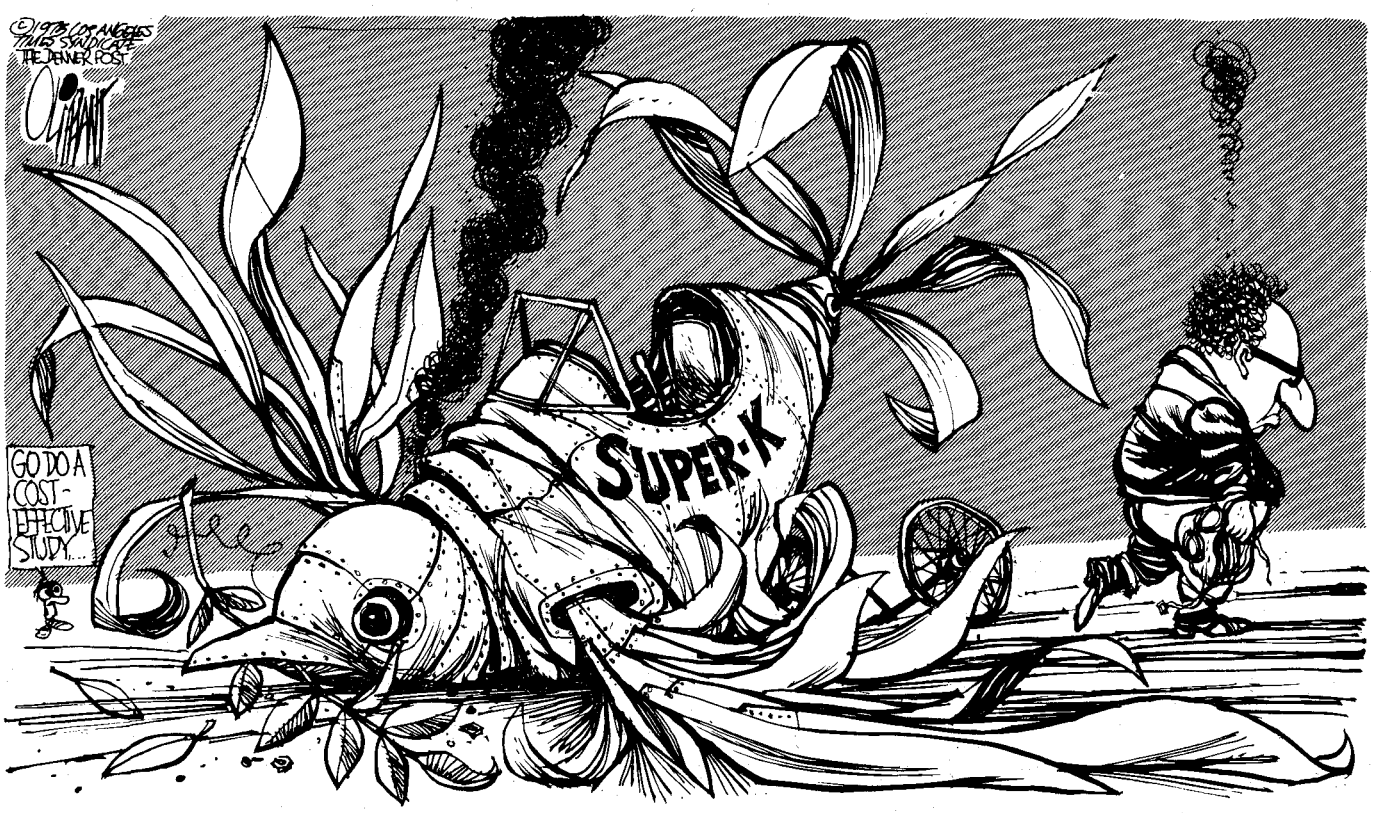
In the diplomacy of Resolution 242 it has been understood since 1967 that the transition from the present armistice regime to a regime of peace would take time, perhaps a good deal of time, and that Israeli withdrawals, and the development of peaceful relations, should be accomplished in stages. The Egyptians particularly have stressed that the agreements of peace called for by Resolution 242 should be built around a "timetable," which spelled out in advance exactly what each party would do at each stage of the process.

In the perspective of the Security Council resolutions, there is therefore no ground for criticizing Israel for being "intransigent," "unimaginative" and generally difficult in the present round of negotiation. According to those resolutions Israel is under no obligation to withdraw except within the framework of an agreement of peace satisfying all the terms of Resolution 242. Any Israeli withdrawal without such an agreement of peace is a political concession on Israel's part—a very important concession indeed.

The Security Council resolutions were reached by difficult procedures of negotiation, dominated by reality. The 1967 resolution, sponsored by the British government, was the achievement of concerted Atlantic Alliance diplomacy, in which British, Danish, Canadian, Belgian, Italian and American officials played important and effective parts. Resolution 338 was the accomplishment of Mr. Kissinger himself who rightly refused to consider any cease-fire resolution during the hectic crisis of October 1973 unless it contained the key language of Resolution 338, making Resolution 242 mandatory. Mr. Kissinger's Resolution 338 is the most important American diplomatic achievement in the area in 25 years, climaxing longstanding American efforts to achieve peace between Israel and its neighbors, and, for the first time, providing firm rules for the process of achieving peace.

There is a tendency in popular opinion to dismiss United Nations resolutions as scraps of paper. But there are many categories of United Nations resolutions. General Assembly resolutions can never be more than "recommendations" under the Charter, save in a few cases not relevant to the Middle East conflict. Some General Assembly resolutions have a great deal of importance, nonetheless, as crystallizations of world opinion. Many are indeed trivial, or cynical, or both, and fully deserve to be disregarded.

Most Security Council resolutions are also "recommendations," and do not purport to be legally binding. That fact highlights the importance of the few Security Council "decisions" that have been given a binding legal effect under Article 25 of the Charter when they concern breaches of the peace, threats to the peace and



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aggressions.

Resolutions 242 and 338 are not abstract essays in international law. And they were not voted in a fit of absentmindedness. On the contrary they embody reluctant conclusions reached by the powers, and the world community, under circumstances of great stress, perceived in their context of international law and international politics. The twin Middle East resolutions therefore declare a judgment of critical importance on the nature of the Middle East conflict, and the way to resolve it in the light of its history, the passions and interests engaged, and the rules of minimal world public order expressed in the Charter—rules to which each state clings as the ultimate assurance of its own survival.

This is the rock on which Secretary Kissinger's step-by-step diplomacy foundered. The collapse of his efforts was caused by a fundamental flaw in the perception of reality on which it was based. The Security Council resolutions embody and reconcile two overriding aspects of the controversy over Israel's right to exist. The Arabs are afraid that Israel will never withdraw from any territories occupied in the course of war; the Israelis are afraid the Arabs will never make peace. Given the depth and intensity of these fears, the approach prescribed by the resolutions highlighted by the Arab aggression of October 1973, defines the only possible road to peace for the area.

I find it puzzling that no editorial I have seen, and no speech on the floor of the House or the Senate, examines the question whether Mr. Kissinger's approach was wise or prudent or necessary or better calculated to protect the national interests of the United States than a diplomatic effort based on the Security Council resolutions, and framed by them. Nor have I seen or heard any debate on the question whether the President of the United States has the right to disregard a mandatory resolution of the Security Council.

These questions are fundamental and difficult. They cannot be escaped by ignoring them. My own view is that Mr. Kissinger's policy of ad hoc negotiation in the Middle East put fundamental security interests of the United States into unnecessary peril, and betrayed one of the most vital permanent principles of American foreign policy. By ignoring the Security Council resolutions, the Secretary cut a great taproot of our foreign policy, its legitimate basis in international law. And by embarking on these negotiations without Security Council parameters and guidelines, Mr. Kissinger played a game in which the Soviets could always outbid him. The Soviet Union can offer the Arabs far more than we could ever bring ourselves to press the Israelis to accept: the borders recommended in the General Assembly Partition Resolution of 1947, for example; negotiations with the PLO rather than with Jordan; or a binational Palestinian state. American interests would have been far better protected if the Secretary of State had put the same energy and conviction into a peace effort based squarely on unwavering American support for the Security Council resolutions.

Instead of striving for peace under the resolutions, however, Mr. Kissinger tried to do exactly what John Foster Dulles did in 1957: to push the Israelis out of the Sinai without peace. What Dulles did turned out to be a disaster. I am persuaded that a repetition of Dulles' strategy would have been an even greater disaster today.

American interests in the Middle East rank high on any list of issues that require a national, and not a sentimental or a partisan approach. What is at stake for us in that feverish area should be examined in the perspective of the national interest, not of sympathy either for the Arabs or the Israelis. We can sympathize with both Arabs and Israelis, caught up in a web of history they did not make. But events in the region, and at other points on the periphery of NATO, are approaching a flash point. Vital security interests of the United States are in peril. They should be analyzed, and protected, as such.

What are the interests of the United States in the Middle East? The first and most basic is the geopolitical importance of the Middle East to the defense of Europe. Our alliance with Western Europe is absolutely essential to the balance of world power on which the primordial safety of the United States depends. On this proposition there is nearly complete unanimity in the United States. But the larger part of public opinion is not yet fully conscious of the fact that Middle East conflicts are not isolated regional problems, but are integral to the security of NATO.

For 20 years the Soviets have pursued a strategy of enveloping NATO. They have exploited Arab hostility to the existence of Israel as an important weapon of that strategy. The Arab-Israeli conflict is not, of course, the only arrow in their quiver. As the Soviets say they "push at every open door." They have tried to take advantage of every political and military opportunity that served their purposes, if it did not involve excessive risk or cost. Thus they have probed in Iceland and Norway. They are now moving on a large scale in Portugal. They have a naval base on Conakry, and have explored possibilities in many other places on the marches of Europe.

By playing on the Arab-Israeli conflict, and other issues, the Soviets have made considerable progress in the Middle East, from Iraq and Aden to Algeria. And their investment in that effort is by now massive. They have supplied Arab states with billions of dollars worth of arms and economic aid. And their technical assistance, especially in the military sphere, often becomes participatory. If the Soviet Union were to achieve domination of the Mediterranean, North Africa and the Middle East, it would outflank the

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NATO defenses in Central Europe, and threaten Europe from its soft underbelly, as President Pompidou once remarked. It has been painfully obvious since October 1973 that hegemonial control of the oil, the space and the mass of the region by the Soviet Union would carry with it dominion over Western Europe as well. NATO would be dismantled. Europe would be reduced to the status of Finland, at best—a major supplier of technology and consumer goods to the Soviet Union, and a political eunuch.

In this perspective the American and the NATO interest in Israel is of critical importance. It has two aspects, related but distinct.

The first is the historical responsibility we share with other nations for the existence of Israel. Israel came into being in reliance on the solemn promises of the world community. Depending upon those pledges, nearly three million people have come together, refugees and idealists from the ends of the earth. They have forged a living democratic community, state and nation. While Arab public opinion is changing, it probably still believes that the creation of Israel was an injustice to the Arabs, beyond the powers of the League of Nations and the United Nations. But the United Nations has emphatically reiterated the judgment that Israel exists of right, and that the Arabs must at long last make peace. The most recent and most fundamental assertion of this judgment was the decision of the Security Council stated in Resolution 338. It is morally and politically unthinkable that the United States and its allies, and many other nations as well, could stand by and allow Israel to be destroyed. On this issue the verdict of history, however debatable, is irreversible. On such an issue we pass beyond the realm of power politics to the true sources of our being: to the ultimate and abiding question, what manner of men are we? The United States, Great Britain, France and Germany all made the answer clear in their responses last fall to the threats of Arafat in the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The second aspect of our national and NATO interest in the fate of Israel is the use the Soviets have made of the Arab-Israeli conflict in their programs for gaining control of Western Europe. In the late '40s the Soviets supported Israel in order to help drive Britain out of the Mediterranean. A few years later they changed sides. With massive arms supplies and political backing, they dangled before the eyes of the Arabs the irresistable temptation of an opportunity to drive out the Israelis, as the Crusaders had been driven out many centuries before. The wars of 1956, 1967, 1969-1970 and 1973 could never have taken place without Soviet support for Arab policy. Were the policy to succeed, the Soviets believe, the Arabs would be irrevocably committed to their protection. Before the incalculable storm the destruction of Israel would provoke, the Arabs would have no other choice.

Our political and strategic goal in the Arab-Israeli conflict, therefore, should be to convince the Arabs that their flirtation with Soviet policy can bring them nothing but tragedy, and to insist on a fair and evenhanded peace, which both Arabs and Israelis could welcome and live with. The Soviet interest is to prolong and envenom the Arab-Israeli dispute as long as possible, provided that the risks do not become excessive. They have profited greatly from it. Some Israelis may think that Israel would be better protected by territorial acquisitions than by unequivocal peace treaties. The United States and its NATO allies must always favor peace as the goal of their policy for the Arab-Israeli dispute—a fair peace, a balanced peace, but peace, nonetheless, and not a truce, an armistice or a modus vivendi. American and allied interests in the Middle East will not be automatically safeguarded by peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors. Many other complex and difficult programs will be required to assure that end. But our common interests in the entire region cannot be safeguarded without an Arab-Israeli peace. This has been a principal theme of our Middle East policy, and of allied policy, whenever there was one, since 1948.

The goal of peace between Israel and its neighbors has been blocked, from that day to this, by Egypt's persistent refusal to make peace. Journalists, scholars and diplomats talk vaguely of missed opportunities for peace. They often reproach the United States and Israel for failing to discover or to invent the formula that might have persuaded Egypt to make peace. Two and a half years of direct and responsible experience with the problem, and a good deal of study since, have convinced me that these reproaches miss the point. No doubt mistakes have been made in conducting the complex diplomacy of the Middle East problem, many of them serious. But there has been no "intransigence," no "arrogance," no lack of imagination. Dozens of approaches to Egypt, some of the most important based on terms Egypt had professed to offer, all met the same fate: with full Soviet support Egypt simply said "No." In the nature of Arab political life it was impossible for Jordan or Lebanon to make peace, in the absence of action by Egypt.

Egypt did not even say that it was willing to make peace under Resolution 242 until 1971, and then only on terms that the Security Council had rejected in 1967. When Egypt went to the Geneva Conference in 1974, it abandoned that position, although it has since tried to revive it, in view of the apparent willingness of the United States to proceed with a diplomatic effort that puts the Security Council resolutions to one side.

Soviet support for the Arab aggression of October 1973 was only the most open and dramatic step in a long campaign on many fronts. Soviet policy in relation to the October war contradicted the public assurances the Soviets had given to President Nixon in May 1972 and in the summer of 1973. Instead of pressing for a

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diplomatic settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute in accordance with Security Council Resolution 242, as they had promised, the Soviets helped to prepare and equip the Arab attack of October 6, 1973, supported the oil embargo, and urged distant Arab states to enter the fray. And, at the end, they threatened to intervene in order to prevent the total destruction of the Egyptian and Syrian armed forces.

While Nixon and Kissinger responded well to the final Soviet threat, by putting our own forces on a worldwide alert, they did accept a cease-fire immediately, as the Soviets demanded once it became obvious that the Israelis had defeated the Arab armies on both fronts. Since the Soviets and the Arabs had refused even to discuss American cease-fire proposals during the first two weeks of the war, there was no American interest in ending the war before the aggression was visibly and totally defeated. In October 1973 however, Nixon and Kissinger lived in the looming presence of Watergate. They were so completely the prisoners of their own détente rhetoric that they covered up the Soviet role in the war, both by what they said and what they did not say to American and to world opinion. Mr. Kissinger still tells us that Soviet behavior before, during and after the October war was "not unreasonable," and "less obstructive than in 1967," and that our détente relations with the Soviet Union contributed to an agreed settlement. In the United Nations our representative was instructed not to comment on the critical issue of Arab aggression, and Soviet complicity in that aggression. That policy was a grave error, denying our position the immense moral and political authority that still inheres in the Charter of the United Nations, and further weakening the norms of the Charter as a restraint against the unchecked use of violence in international affairs.

The Soviet plan did not of course succeed in 1973. The brilliant victory of Israeli arms, backed by American supplies and diplomacy, and the terms of Resolution 338, which that victory made possible, gave the United States and its allies a fresh opportunity to protect their interests in the Middle East.

The content and structure of Resolution 242, now reaffirmed by Resolution 338, was determined by the refusal of the Arabs to make peace since the early '50s, and above all by the fate of the settlement reached between Israel and Egypt in 1957. In 1957 we were persuaded by Egypt to push Israel out of the Sinai without peace, in exchange for a long list of glittering promises that were made to us as well as to Israel, and were not kept. In 1957 we deferred to Nasser's sensibilities by acting as the broker of an agreement between Israel and Eygpt. The terms of the agreement were put forward in a carefully planned scenario of apparently unconnected statements at the UN and in the capitols. I still have the printed volume of the State Department documents on the subject supplied to me during the 1967 crisis. It is decorated by 15 or 20 paper clips. I was instructed that the pages marked by the paper clips constituted the peace agreement of 1957. Israel withdrew from the Sinai in reliance on assurances that the Strait of Tiran would be kept open; guerrilla attacks from Egypt would cease; Israel would be allowed to use the Suez Canal; and peace would be made in due course. And it was expressly understood that if Egypt ever closed the Strait of Tiran, Israel would be entitled to respond with force as an act of self-defense. This is why no majority could be brought together, either in the Security Council or the General Assembly, to condemn Israel's attack in 1967.

As a result of this experience the Security Council ruled in 1967, and again with binding force in 1973, that Israel need not withdraw without a binding, public, signed agreement of peace.

The United States did not build its recent diplomatic effort in the Middle East on this unassailable legal and political foundation. Instead it pursued Mr. Kissinger's tactics of step-by-step negotiations, intended to achieve Israeli withdrawals without peace. In order to evade the terms of the Security Council resolutions, the arrangements for Israeli withdrawal are called agreements of "military disengagement." It is hardly remarkable that Mr. Kissinger's efforts were warmly received in Arab capitals, and were encouraged, or at least not seriously opposed, by the Soviet Union.

There was justification under the Security Council resolutions for the original "military disengagement" agreement between Israel and Egypt, though not for all its terms. The cease-fire of October 22, 1973 had left Israeli and Egyptian forces precariously—and dangerously—intermingled. There was a legitimate legal and practical reason for establishing more workable cease-fire lines, especially since no one knew where the battle lines were on October 22. In the perspective of a long-term settlement, however, it was a mistake to allow even limited Egyptian forces to cross the canal, and to be stationed in the Sinai.

There were no corresponding justifications for the "military disengagement" agreement between Israel and Syria. There was no argument about the emplacement of Syrian and Israeli forces on October 22, 1973. The Syrian disengagement agreement began to erode the authority of the Security Council resolutions, which have been, and should continue to be, the foundation of our policy.

Mr. Kissinger chose to ignore another central feature of Resolution 338: its command that the parties themselves conduct the negotiations. Instead of having Israeli and Arab negotiators meet in his office, secretly if necessary, he was trapped into acting as a go-between, as Ambassador Jarring did. This procedure abandoned a principle whose importance is made obvious by the nature and history of the conflict. It is notable that the most significant agreements in the long, tragic cycle—the Armistice Agreements in 1949,

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and the Egyptian-Israeli disengagement agreement of 1973—resulted from direct negotiations between the parties, assisted by the good offices of outsiders.

There was no justification of necessity for the course we have been pursuing. If Mr. Kissinger's program of step-by-step negotiations could work, it should be equally possible, at far less risk, to reach agreements with each of the states subject to the command of the Security Council Resolution 338—framework agreements, agreements-to-make-agreements, in the style of the Vladivostok understanding, pursuant to which the parties would move, stage by agreed stage, to the final step of full peace. If any one of those states is unwilling to commit itself to peace in accordance with the Security Council's mandate, the first remedy prescribed by the Security Council is clear—Israeli occupation of the territories taken in the course of the 1967 and 1973 wars, in the phrase of a French scholar, as "the gage for peace."

The United States has been seeking to avoid a return to the full Geneva Conference. There is no doubt that such a conference would present difficult problems, largely because Nixon and Kissinger—struggling to preserve the appearance of détente—agreed to the joint presidency of the United States and the Soviet Union. And such a conference might make it even more difficult than it is now to isolate Syria, which has never committed itself to the principle of peace.

But a peace conference at Geneva is not in itself an odious idea.

Our diplomacy has been struggling to convene such a conference since 1949. And the Geneva Conference would of necessity be based squarely on the Security Council resolutions. If the United States and its allies reach a firm common position on what those resolutions require and permit, and pursue a steady diplomacy in support of that position, the risks of such a conference would be far less, both for us and for Israel, than the course we followed until March 22.

It was in any event a fantasy to suppose that the Soviet Union can be excluded from the process of making peace in the Middle East. That goal would be undesirable even if it were possible. There will be no peace in the Middle East or in other inflamed regions of the world until the Soviet Union does accept responsibility for peace. The Soviets cannot, after all, be ignored. And they have, and will continue to have, a considerable capacity for mischief. The only sensible goal for our diplomacy therefore is to induce the Soviets to accept peace based on the Security Council resolutions for which they voted. The Soviet Union has been persuaded to accept many sensible policies during the last 30 years once it came to realize that the alternatives were all worse. Soviet acquiescence in Resolutions 242 and 338 are vivid cases in point.

In Israel recently Mr. Kissinger is reported to have told the Israelis that peace would require "an act of faith" on their part. In context his meaning was clear: he was asking the Israelis to repeat the procedures of withdrawal without peace that proved to be such a catastrophe in 1957.

One can accept, as I am glad to do, the view that President Sadat is genuinely and sincerely interested in making peace. But he speaks of leaving office soon. And in any event the issues at stake are the ongoing policy of states, which should be expressed in documents and policies of ongoing vitality. The only feasible procedure for achieving a condition of peace between Israel and its neighbors is that prescribed by the Security Council resolutions.

Next Comes Geneva

Russia's Middle East Zigzags

by Stanley Karnow

With the breakdown of Secretary of State Kissinger's step-by-step approach to a Middle East accommodation, it is likely that the negotiations will shift to Geneva, and that means that the Soviet Union will play a role in the bargaining. The question raised by this prospect is whether the Russians want to contribute to stability in the region, or whether their essential aim is to block progress toward ultimate peace. I found, during a recent tour of the Middle East, that the pattern of Soviet involvement in the area is by no means simple. The Russians are deeply committed to the economic and military support of Syria, for example, but Syrian

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President Hafez Assad can hardly be called a Soviet puppet because he relies on the Kremlin. The Egyptians depended heavily on Moscow for the equipment to launch their war against Israel in October 1973, yet by subscribing to Kissinger's step-by-step scenario and resisting Soviet efforts to control him, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has annoyed the Russians, and his relations with them hit a low point early this year when Soviet Communist party leader Leonid Brezhnev canceled a scheduled trip to Cairo. The Russians have zigzagged in their attitude toward the Palestine Liberation Organization, having initially considered it to be "adventurist" but more lately throwing their weight behind its objectives. Among the Israelis, meanwhile, estimates of the Soviet Union range from the view that it is a menace to Israel's survival to the opinion that it could serve to restrain the Arabs.

My own feeling, based on talks in Israel and in the Arab states, is that the Soviet Union cannot be excluded from a future settlement, and may even fulfill an important function in setting up what the Israeli scholar Yair Evron suggests could be a "co-management" arrangement with the US to guarantee peace in the Middle East. For the moment, however, Soviet influence in the area appears to be limited by the fact that the Russians are following rather than leading their clients in order to preserve their position in the region, and they are paying a high price to maintain that presence. It seems to me, therefore, that the Russians are currently operating from weakness, since they cannot build up their clients and at the same time expect that their guidance will be respected by the Arab states they have strengthened. Conversely they cannot withhold assistance from their Arab protégés and expect to tilt the balance of power against Israel.

The Russians have been interested in the Middle East for centuries, in part because of their concern for their southern borders and partly because of their quest for access to the warm waters of the Mediterranean. Consistent with this outlook they brought pressure to bear on Turkey and Iran during the period after World War II, and when that failed in the face of US resistance they vaulted into Egypt, Syria and Iraq in hopes of establishing spheres of influence. Within recent years the Russians have also perceived the Middle East as a passage to India, Pakistan and Southeast Asia, where they are attempting to counter the rising sway of their Chinese adversaries. The Israeli analyst Galia Golan submits as well that the Soviet Union began to penetrate the Middle East in the early 1960s as a way of compensating for their setback in the Cuban missile crisis. But even though Soviet military help was vital in preparing the Egyptians and Syrians for the six-day war against Israel in 1967, the Russians were evidently unable to persuade the Arabs to make the kind of diplomatic compromises that might have cooled the situation in the aftermath of that conflict.

As Alvin Rubinstein of the University of Pennsylvania has pointed out, the Russians went to the aid of the Egyptians immediately after their defeat in June 1967, and, with massive arms shipments, succeeded in restoring the strength of Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser. But this help on the part of the Russians did not easily improve their leverage with Nasser. They had a difficult time persuading Nasser to go along with United Nations Resolution 242, the general formula under which Israel would withdraw from occupied Arab territories in exchange for "secure and recognized" boundaries. To obtain Egyptian acceptance of this resolution, however, the Russians had to increase supplies of arms to Egypt, with the result that Nasser was able, beginning in the middle of 1968, to initiate a war of attrition against Israel that worked, in effect, against Soviet efforts to push for diplomatic action. Throughout the closing months of 1968, moreover, the Egyptians repeatedly stepped up the tempo of their military thrusts against Israel whenever the Russians seemed to be trying to steer the Middle East problem toward diplomatic channels. When Nasser declared in January 1969, for instance, that "no progress can be made . . . unless the military front is the starting point for such progress," a Soviet delegation headed by Alexander Shelepin sped to Cairo with the apparent intention of preventing an escalation of the fighting, but this endeavor evidently made no headway. Then Nasser said that he was gloomy about the chances of Resolution 242, interjecting in an interview that it neglected the Palestinian problem, an issue that he had not heretofore raised in connection with an Israeli settlement.

This sort of back-and-forth game between the Russians and Egyptians went on through 1969 and 1970, with Soviet diplomats discovering each time they visited Cairo that their aid to Egypt was not buying them compliance. When Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko held talks with Nasser in June 1969, for example, he caved in to the Egyptian leaders demand that any agreement with Israel be tied to a solution of the Palestinian question. This surrender by the Russians to Egyptian intransigence not only encouraged Nasser to intensify his strikes against Israel, but, fearful of losing its position, the Soviet Union increased its military aid to Egypt. Even so the Russian position in Cairo remained precarious, and it became somewhat shakier after Sadat succeeded Nasser, as a consequence of both international and domestic Egyptian developments. Sadat worried the Russians when, in early 1971, he began to explore the possibilities of a settlement with Israel that, as Moscow saw it, might undermine Egypt's need for a link with the Soviet Union. Not long afterward, in a move calculated to bolster his internal authority, Sadat purged a number of Egyptian political figures known to have been sympathetic to the Kremlin. These moves

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confronted the Russians with a dilemma. They could not complain about Sadat's purge without running the risk of alienating him. Nor could they oppose his exploration of a diplomatic settlement without contradicting their own past policy of limiting the dangers of a larger outbreak of hostilities in the Middle East. Thus, with what must have been unusual haste, they contrived the ingenious device of rushing to Cairo with a 15-year Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation, which, in effect, pledged to provide Sadat with vast quantities of weapons without interfering in his domestic affairs. In short the Russians sacrificed any hopes they might have had of nudging Sadat toward their brand of socialism in exchange for protecting their strategic position in Egypt. According to the Kremlinologists this choice by the Russians probably reflected a victory for the Soviet military technocrats, to whom Egypt represented operational real estate, over the ideologues who still believed that the Egyptians could be converted to communism. With that the Russians again poured fresh shipments of military hardware into Egypt, and in the process extracted from Sadat the right to use certain Egyptian air and naval facilities.

This deal did not totally placate Sadat, however. He wanted ultra-modern Soviet aircraft, missiles and other offensive weapons in order to heighten the credibility of his threat to Israel, and he went to Moscow in an attempt to urge the Russians to give him these arms. But once again the Russians feared that they might be swept into a conflict that would, among other things, jeopardize their strategy of détente with the US, and they balked at Sadat's requests. Infuriated by this rejection—and also irritated by the arrogance of Moscow's representatives in Egypt—Sadat summarily expelled some 10,000 Russian advisers and denied the Soviet Union the right to use six airbases and a part of the port of Alexandria. The Russians' response to this slap was Christian: they turned the other cheek and not only hung on in Egypt, but, during 1973, gave Sadat the weapons that he would use against Israel in the Yom Kippur war. In order to control the Egyptians the Russians sent in Soviet crews with the more devastating of these weapons, such as the SCUD missiles. Moreover according to Egyptian sources with whom I talked in Cairo, the Russians tried in the months prior to Sadat's offensive to dissuade the Egyptians from taking the military route. This disclosure, if true, contravenes the thesis expounded by many specialists that the Arab strike on the Egyptian and Syrian fronts took the Kremlin by surprise. It is known for certain that the Russians were aware of the Arab moves a week before the war, since they transferred the families of their advisers out of Cairo and Damascus during that period.

Whatever their feelings about the advisability of war, the Russians had to defend their investment in the Arabs, and, as a consequence, began to airlift supplies to the Egyptians and Syrians within 48 hours after the conflict erupted. But again they sought to keep the hostilities within bounds, largely in order to avoid a break with the US, and for that reason Soviet Premier Kosygin flew to Cairo in an attempt to convince the Egyptians that they ought to curb their goals. The same desire to prevent a bigger conflagration apparently motivated the Russians to invite Kissinger to Moscow to discuss cease-fire possibilities. Despite an alleged Soviet threat to intervene directly and an overreaction by the Nixon administration, the superpowers did in fact limit the scope of the war. Both the Arabs and Israelis learned from the war, accordingly, that neither can win a decisive victory nor suffer a decisive defeat.

Since then the Russians have focused their attention primarily on Syria, and they have given Assad an impressive arsenal of equipment ranging from MIG jet aircraft to SCUD missiles. In the view of the Russians the Syrians have "earned" this materiel by backing up Moscow's demand that the negotiations be held in Geneva, where Soviet diplomats would be present. At the same time, though, Assad has been careful not to lock himself too tightly with the Russians, and one sign of his desire for flexibility has been mirrored in the fact that he has resisted signing a treaty with the Kremlin. The Egyptians, on the other hand, have ruffled the Russians by going along with Kissinger, and Moscow has penalized them by cutting down its military aid to Cairo and holding back on spare parts for the equipment it has delivered. One reason for Brezhnev's cancellation of his Cairo visit in January was Sadat's refusal to permit the entry into Egypt of Soviet technicians whose purpose would have been to exercise control over the sophisticated weapons sent to the Egyptians. Sadat's recent voyage to Paris, where he purchased more than a billion dollars' worth of French arms paid for by the late King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, was designed to demonstrate to Moscow that there are other sources of weapons available in the world. The Paris trip may have been more than a gesture, however, since Sadat would have to undertake an enormous overhaul of his armed forces to adapt them to a French weapons system—even if France could produce enough for his needs, which is doubtful.

A senior Soviet diplomat in Washington said not long ago that "there will not be a *Pax Americana* in the Middle East," and that forecast may be true for the long term, as even Kissinger concedes. But the Russians will become involved in the diplomatic game when the negotiating process moves to Geneva. It is fair surmise, I think, that the Russians will use the Geneva forum at the outset as a propaganda platform, but, it seems to me, it would be wrong to mistake their rhetoric for reality. For as long as the US is dedicated to Israel's existence, the Russians will be compelled to temper their Arab clients lest they collide with America—a potential catastrophe they must certainly want to avert.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Sound of Musicals

Donkey Skin (Janus). The director Jacques Demy and the composer Michel Legrand are probably best known for a musical film called *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964), which overwhelmed many. It whelmed me somewhat less, still it was clearly a work of taste and elegance, precisely French. In 1971 the two men collaborated again—with the star of *Umbrellas*, Catherine Deneuve—to make a musical fairy tale called *Donkey Skin*. The film is just released here, and it's exquisite.

Demy's screenplay is out of the 17th-century fabulist Perrault and is set—well, wherever such stories are always set. It begins disquietingly: the king of the Blue Kingdom, after his wife's death, falls in love with his beautiful daughter and wishes to marry her. She flees to the Red Kingdom, clad in the skin of a donkey. (A rather special donkey. It had been in her father's stables, where it had defecated gold coins on order. When she requested its skin as proof of her father's uxorious love, thinking he would never agree, he had the beast killed and gave her the hide.) The Red Prince falls in love with the grimy scullion she now appears, and after a search by means of a ring, rather like Cinderella's slipper, they marry. The Blue King is now content, since he has been maritally snared by his daughter's fairy godmother who had helped her to escape.

I don't understand why Demy selected this story. Most fairy tales of continuing effect, like *Cinderella*, touch some pertinent underlying myth. I'm unable to decipher a relevant symbolism here, not with any consistency. Electra, money-as-excrement, ring-and-finger sex, and so on, but how does it all hang together? The picture isn't satisfying finally, in text and subtext, but it's never boring and it's always a delight to look at and listen to.

Catherine Deneuve is still as delicate as porcelain (and just as flexible). She appears—one can't quite say acts—as the princess and her mother who dies. Delphine Seyrig is beautifully witty as the fairy godmother; Jean Marais is strong as the Blue King; Micheline Presle is funny as the Red Queen. The costumes and sets by Jacques Dogied and Jim Leom are splendid, and the color photography by Ghislain Cloquet makes the most of them.

Legrand's songs, which occur just often enough, have the confidence to be simple, appropriate and forgettable. Demy has directed with a very sure eye and hand and has edited with a neatness that gives drive to a story that doesn't in itself have much, yet without forcing it. The film lasts in the memory not as a work of stature or excitement, but just because it gives pleasure.

At Long Last Love (20th Century-Fox). This is Peter Bogdanovich's deadweight attempt at a lightweight '30s musical to put next to his attempts at '30s farce (*What's Up, Doc?*) and '30s comedy-drama (*Paper Moon*). As did *Daisy Miller*, it stars Cybill Shepherd. Yonder Shepherd, who is she? The director's girlfriend. And looks it. And sings and dances like it.

Shepherd has three co-stars: Madeline Kahn, who has singing talent but also has that hard repellent fake sexuality that so many female comics develop; Duilio del Prete, who is meant to be a continental killer but is mostly dead, and Burt Reynolds, who at least has the grace to kid himself as singer and dancer.

Bogdanovich's screenplay has the virtue of conscious inanity but not the brightness of dialogue to support it. The songs are by Cole Porter, and most of them are so immeasurably better than the film that they only burden it. The only good element in the film is the color scheme, which moves out from black and white but never very far. I can't remember anything even approaching a primary color. This muted palette stays nicely out of realism and also out of garishness; but the performers and the script keep getting in the way.

Funny Lady (Columbia). A sequel to *Funny Girl* (1968). Barbra Streisand takes up and off again as Fanny Brice. At the end she is gray, the mother of a married daughter. Next, *Funny Grandma?* Or perhaps just *Funny Fanny?*

Criticizing Streisand, particularly in a musical, is by now something like criticizing Coca-Cola or Kleenex—a national product that is an international success. Everyone knows by now whether or not he likes the product; all that can be commented on is the new package or the new merchandising approach. And here it's an old approach of Streisand's revived. She has a lot of numbers, ranging from comic Jewish to torch to stand-up-and-cheer. She has lots of backstage heartbreak, lots of self-deprecating comedy, lots of self-appreciating stardom. Everyone loves her, but she never gets Love. Streisand handles it all with her usual professional skill, never missing—in any sense—a trick. Is she good? Well, do you like Coca-Cola?

Jay Presson Allen's script is more ludicrous than it needs to be. Omar Sharif reappears (been waiting?) as Nicky Arnstein. James Caan tries to be dynamic as Billy Rose, Brice's show-biz second husband, but the role would have been more truthfully cast, physically and temperamentally, with Joel Grey, who was the M.C. in *Cabaret*.

Herbert Ross directs with the adulation that such fantasy-realism requires, backed up, or perhaps led, by the camera of the excellent James Wong Howe.

Book Note. At last! A book about Georges Méliès, and a good one. *Marvellous Méliès*—very rightly titled—is by an English artist named Paul Hammond. (St. Martin's Press; $10. Only 159 pp. but it's an imported book, profusely illustrated.) Méliès (1861-1938) was a Parisian stage illusionist who became infatuated with films as soon as they were invented. Between 1896 and 1912 he made 502 (short) pictures, most of which used the possibilities for magic and illusion opened up by the cinema. He also made some melodramas and was in the then-flourishing business of manufacturing newsreels. One of these was a pro-Dreyfus film; another was *The*

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

A Brief Vacation. De Sica directs Florinda Bolkan superbly in this tale of a young working woman's self-realization. Mushy but moving.

Hearts and Minds. A Vietnam documentary. Politically unclear, still with grim power.

The Love of Life. Documentary of Arthur Rubinstein. Eighty-eight terrific years.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman compressed his 300-minute Swedish TV series into three hours. But it's Bergman. And Liv Ullmann.

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A Greater London

by Clancy Sigal

In the 616 square miles of greater London—larger than New York or Los Angeles—live eight million people, or more than one-sixth of the total population of Britain. Many foreigners insist it is *the* "civilized city." Walter Henry Nelson, an American expatriate anglophile, believes that "the Londoner finds life . . . less tense and frightening, less impersonal and dehumanised than [in] cities of comparable size and population density." Hordes of Americans like Mr. Nelson have taken refuge in London from race riots, muggings and what they see as the breakdown of urban life. Even though IRA bombs and Mr. Healey's budgets have driven some back to the States, London continues to enjoy a remarkably good press, especially abroad.

London: 2000 Years of a City and its People
by Felix Barker
and Peter Jackson
(Macmillan; $27.50)

The Londoners: Life in a Civilized City
by Walter Henry Nelson
(Random House; $8.95)

Say Goodbye: You May Never See Them Again
Paintings by John Allin,
text by Arnold Wesker
(Jonathan Cape, London; £2.50)

Continuity has a lot to do with it. Older than Moscow, Amsterdam and Berlin, London has always been the delight of antiquarians and archeologists. Its rambling, crooked streets contained houses of real historic and architectural interest; its squares, terraces and parks often gave a sense of order and graciousness impossible to find in the hurly-burly of other cities. And, as Felix Barker notes, "history keeps breaking through." Every week the London newspapers report the discovery of yet another fragment of a Roman wall or Viking ship or piece of Norman timber. Somehow the London of Pepys and even Chaucer seems reassuringly close to those of us who live in today's London. Yet in the past few years we've seen an increasing number of books (*Lost London, Goodbye London,* etc.) that call into question this seemingly unshakeable continuity, as if there was some urgency about making a permanent record of London before it completely disintegrates under the hammer blows of redevelopment and tourism.

The most lavish of these books I've seen, a collaboration between Felix Barker and Peter Jackson, took them 15 years to do. But they have produced a scrupulously written, beautifully illustrated pictorial history which, within its limits, is both serious and entertaining. (*E.g.*, I learned that when Harrod's introduced its first escalator in 1898 "an attendant was on duty at the top with free brandy" for nervous shoppers.) Barker's dry, precise text really does illuminate the pictures, and the layout is exceptionally easy to follow. In almost all cases the pictures, mainly from Jackson's fine private collection, are contemporary. Far from giving the book a musty flavor, the old woodcuts and engravings (including 30 pages of color) have the immediacy of a news photo. It is a genuine triumph of the bookmaker's art.

The title, however, is unconsciously misleading. The city that is dearest to Barker and Jackson is not the huge, anonymous splodge that sometimes seems to make the Lower Thames Valley one large block of concrete from Tilbury to Kew. Their eyes are limited to the architecturally "important," their geography becomes vague beyond the palaces of Westminister and Kensington. "The people" in fact is a procession of kings, royal mistresses and famous politicians. Writers, sportsmen and other plebian types hardly get a look in. The kind of people John Allin and Arnold Wesker deal with in their lovely little book about the East End are reduced to mere background noises.

One has the impression that Barker

Illustration from *The Londoners: Life in a Civilized City*
Drawing by Papas

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and Jackson blame the existence of ordinary people for the destruction of so much of London's historic beauty—and, in a sense, they're right. For it was the early Victorian businessman's need to bring cheap labor in from the working-class suburbs that burst the peaceful 18th century village of London at the seams and sent it sprawling in every direction along the axes of the new trunk railway lines. Never before, not even in the Great Fire of 1666, had London witnessed such magnitude of devastation as during the great railroad construction boom of the 1840s. Not, that is, until today's redevelopers got to work.

The motor car and rising rents have done to London what fire, plague and blitz couldn't do: damn near destroyed it. And this time not only the working class suffers. Redevelopment has become so voracious and indiscriminate that middle- and even upper-class parts of London are bulldozed away. No one really cared when poor shops and houses were swept aside for a Wren church or Nash Quadrant, and hardly anyone protested when post-World War II planners gutted whole working-class communities like Lambeth and Bethnal Green. But the middle-class conscience awoke when their own homes were threatened. By now it has become clear that Mayfair and Chelsea are not immune to planners' blight, and that if they aren't stopped the bureaucrats will soon get rid of Picadilly, Soho and Trafalgar Square ("modernization" schemes are afoot to do more or less that). The lone voices of Betjeman and Pevsner, crying aloud these past 30 years, have grown into a chorus of preservationist protest which has begun to win some battles. The Minister of Environment has just announced that no more English city centers will be demolished. But are there any left?

Marylebone, where I live, was once a thriving bustle of flats and shops; after 5:30 pm it is now a ghost town. What life the office blocks don't kill off, traffic (sometimes literally) does. Inner London is losing its charm, its public transport, its shopping precincts—and its people. Every year the city loses population because no one can afford the rents. Larger and larger areas of central London are turned over to the tourists and daytime office workers. The tragedy is that the planning vandals often have the best—even socialist—of intentions. In my own neighborhood the Middlesex Hospital, one of England's best, expands by killing a centuries-old community in Fitzrovia. The British Museum seems hell bent on destroying Bloomsbury as a place to live for the sake of a library annex which everyone knows could be built on a nearby derelict site. Even left-wing Camden Council has permitted Centre Point, an amazingly ugly high-rise office block, to remain unoccupied *for 10 years* in the middle of Tottenham Court Road because it hasn't the guts to tackle the property developers. The fact that all this is taking place in the West End area to which Barker and Jackson devote most attention gives their book an even stronger nostalgic quality than they intended. At the end all they can hope is that "gentle procrastination" may cause the planners' wilder schemes to wither away and that, by some bureaucratic oversight, London's great heritage may yet survive.

Of this 1970s version of the blitz hardly a word in Walter Henry Nelson's gentlemanly love letter to the city of his dreams. The agreeable thing about Nelson is that he always sees London as a place to live in and not—as in Barker and Jackson's more official view—simply as a collection of beautiful buildings. His picture of London is idealistic in the extreme, a part-fantasy (as he cheerfully admits) out of P.G. Wodehouse, movies like *Mrs. Miniver* and a genuine admiration for the English who conform to his upper-class expectations. As an American fleeing the surly disorder of American life—most of his previous books were about Germany—he sees London as a Camelot-on-the-Thames full of unflappable Greer Garsons and nicely eccentric Alec Guinnesses. Even the lorry drivers (according to Nelson) are unfailingly courteous to one another. His London is serene and gracious—very nice, if you can afford it.

Say Goodbye has not yet found an American publisher, which is a pity since, of the three books I've mentioned, it most closely relates to anyone who ever grew up in a place like Chicago's Roosevelt Road or the Lower East Side of New York. Arnold Wesker and John Allin are East Enders from the same tough neighborhood. Allin's paintings, in the style of—but much more cheerful than—L.S. Lowry, lovingly capture the raucous muddle of an area which, perhaps prophetically, took the worst that Hitler's bombers could throw at it but succumbed to London's own planners and architects.

Clancy Sigal, the author of *Going Away* (Dell), lives in London where he is completing a new novel.

A Cut Above

"Blood on the Tracks" by Bob Dylan

(Columbia Records; $6.98)

Despite the blood he finds in his history and ours, despite the undistinguished music backing him, Dylan, his imagination and his voice are all in control again as they haven't been so fully since "Blonde on Blonde" in 1966. And we can therefore expect "Blood on the Tracks" to flash the shape of the '70s as richly as his electric albums of the mid-'60s voiced their own weird and wired days. If Dylan is right our current days are less wired and more acoustic, less grandiosely apocalyptic but more personally ominous, less anxious for surprise but more ambitious for nuance than our immediate past has been. Thus this new Dylan is less the mad man at the mainstream's edge than the pied piper at the center of an established rock culture.

Hence his album's wonderful reflectiveness, the way it calls on, judges and finds amply sustaining all the music that backed and amplified the stress of the last 20 years. Nearly every cut refers to earlier songs by Dylan himself or others. "Idiot Wind" recalls "Blowin' in the Wind"; "You're a Big Girl Now" reapproaches "Just Like a Woman" and "She Belongs to Me"; "If You See Her, Say Hello" evokes "Girl From the North Country"; "Buckets of Rain" reminds us of "A Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall"; and so on down the line. Still the titles are just beginning, for rock is now in that most interesting instant when an art turns from innocence to recouped sensibility.

Dylan has been trying to turn the corner ever since his misconceived "Self Portrait" (1970), in which his heavy affection fondled old favorites to death. Although "Blue Moon" and "Copper Kettle" couldn't take it, the idea was to reimagine the past for the present. The idea succeeds in "Blood on the Tracks" because he's found a way to make songs like "Blue Moon" weave in and out of various cuts, leaving here a spoor, there a mood—resulting in a mature attitude that readjusts rock's age of innocence, and that also refracts our own zealous innocence. Rock speaks to audiences who still remember the form's earliest inklings in the span of their own lives. When a song today alludes to an earlier

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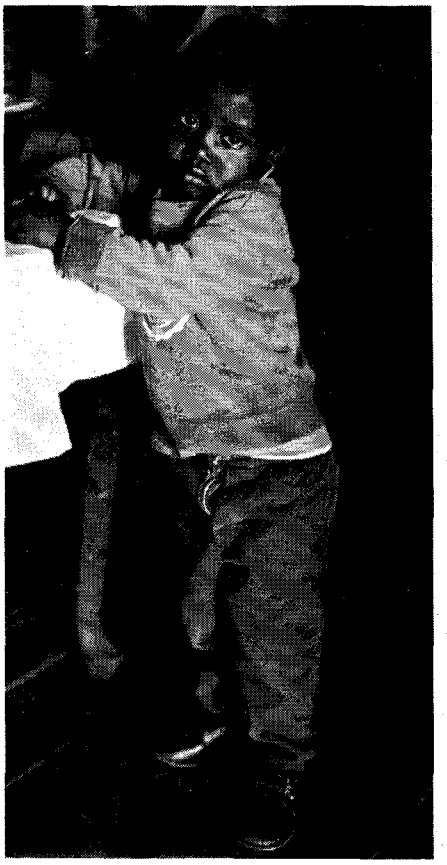
song, say "Blowin' in the Wind," it not only calls up scrapped phrases, riffs and licks, but also scrapped moments in our lives from the summer of '63. Where were you when you first heard "How many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?" Remember Elvis' "Hound Dog" in 1956? We've come a long way since then, as Dylan knows with some pride: "Well, I've struggled through barbwire . . . you know I've even outrun the hound dogs. / Honey, I know I've earned your love."

Indeed he's earned our love. He's earned it by the constancy of his protean changes, which sanctioned our own flux. From protest posturing, through surreal symbolism, to country caricatures, his slippery style has always been hard to define. While his mercurial career has surely frustrated us, it has also been deeply attractive, for we too were trying on, and wearing ragged, America's many costumes. If he has always come out on top, why, so can we: "I can change, I swear . . . I can make it through, / You can make it too." And he's earned our love by his involvement with common language, even in his most uncommon moods. He has saved phrases from our culture's rhetorical slagheaps and centered them so singularly that they lease new life. He shoots juice to banality simply by kicking everything up several notches—best seen in the way these aren't love songs, not love songs alone, but songs to his *audience* as lover. That's no new trick for Dylan—he was performing it as early as "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" (1965), and repeatedly the next year "Blonde on Blonde." But he hasn't so consciously built an album around it before this one, which begins and ends talking to the audience as lover, which ends side one with "You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go," and nearly ends side two with the line, "I'm takin' you with me, honeybaby, when I go." These are the remarks of a lover, perhaps, but they are more likely the musings of a man engaging his audience at a turning point, and at a point that turns on the resources of common speech. For it was Dylan who, more than anyone else, saw how to go beyond copying the pop staples of blues, ballads and country in order to create a newly distinctive idiom.

Dylan's role in the '60s was to expand the limits of popular song. He stood beyond the pale and called us to an outlaw reality. But now he's returned to deepen rock's cultural center. Quarreling with society in personal terms, he simultaneously sings of self and society

We'd like to raise his allowance... to 75¢ worth of food a day.



What's happening to this boy—and thousands like him in the rural South today—is hard to believe. As a white Southern doctor reported to a U.S. Senate committee: "*Malnutrition* isn't quite what we found. The boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick —suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

Doesn't the government take care of that? Not quite. There's the hot lunch program in the schools . . . but in Alabama some kids only *get* to school on days when it rains too hard to work the fields. And there's the Food Stamp Program . . . but a lot of people living on fatback, field peas and biscuits never heard of it, and some that *have* just can't squeeze the cash to buy stamps out of a Mississippi welfare check that gives a widow $60 a *month* to house, clothe *and* feed four hungry children.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was started. Through it, $10 in hard cash can be converted into as much as $170 worth of Food Stamps by a volunteer NAACP worker who goes down the back roads and dirt tracks of the 'secret South' to find and feed the starving kids that America never sees.

But they can only do the job if *you* supply the cash. Whatever you choose to give is tax-deductible. And whatever you *can* give is desperately needed. Not just by skinny kids and hungry kids. By *starving* kids.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. E3
Box 121, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

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in a way that profoundly enriches all our anguish about being separate from—yet within—our inevitable institutions. His new songs are about continued anger and acceptance, about continued hatred and love, and about "the howling beast on the borderline that separates" his lover from himself, his audience from his voice, his country from his ideas [or vice versa], and audiences everywhere from performers everywhere. When he kisses that howling beast goodbye, as he says he finally has, the gain is not a solipsistic turn to himself and his lady alone. Rather he turns to a mature knotting with his audience and the sensibility he helped create: a stand-off embrace.

The last verse of the album's last song describes how the performer finds his highest art by attending to himself in order to attend to others: "Life is sad, life is a bust. / All you can do is what you must. / You do what you must do and you do it well. / I do it for you, ah honeybaby, can't you tell?" And that's it right there: that immediate, consistent and thorough involvement with an audience both characterizes rock as the primary popular form of our time and determines its promising esthetic. We can tell he's doing what he sang nine years ago he'd do: "I'm pledging my time to you, hoping, you'll come through, too." We can tell: Dylan is back on the tracks.

W.T. Lhamon, Jr.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr., teaches English at Florida State University.

New Fiction

The Big Nickel
by Calder Willingham

(Dial; $7.95)

Everyone is entitled to a weakness or two: among the more prominent of mine is Calder Willingham. Some people sit around waiting for a new Agatha Christie mystery, or a new Frank Sinatra television special, or the next installment of the Playboy Philosophy, or the latest Bette Midler album, or whatever else it is that gives them peculiar spasms of pleasure. I, when I am not otherwise occupied, sit around waiting for a new Calder Willingham novel.

This is not to make a big deal out of Willingham. He is not an especially "serious" novelist, despite occasional lapses into Deep Meaning; his plots, to use a favorite Willingham verb, tend to ramble; his penchant for self-indulgence is considerable. He is, however, one of the most skilled, observant and purely funny satirists of the postwar generation. He took on, in *Eternal Fire*, every creaking convention of Southern gothic and destroyed the genre in a storm of laughter. In *Providence Island*, he took on both the "sex novel" and middle-class sex obsession, with similar results. In his screenplay for *The Graduate*, he had equal success demolishing the affluent society and its array of pretensions.

Even at his least successful, Willingham is fun to read—which is about all that can be said on behalf of *The Big Nickel*. There are a lot of entertaining passages in it, and one or two that Willingham nuts doubtless will want to read aloud when the impious spirit moves them, but a collection of occasional good moments does not a good novel make. *The Big Nickel* is barely coherent structurally, its characters sustain only marginal interest, and its conclusion is oddly sentimental.

Perhaps the problem is that Willingham is too consciously preoccupied here with theme—in this case, the theme of early success and the burdens it imposes on American writers. It is a solid, important theme, one that John Leggett explored last year with valuable results in *Ross and Tom*, his joint biography of Ross Lockridge and Thomas Heggen. But Willingham doesn't seem to know quite what to do with it.

The Big Nickel consists of two narratives. The first is the story of Richard Davenport, a young writer whose first novel has made him a minor celebrity and who is now circling warily around the first novelist's terror—the second novel. The other narrative is Davenport's fantasy, the adventures of a voluptuous young West Virginia girl named Polly who comes to New York with dreams of riches but ends up being the chief participant in a bizarre sexual odyssey.

The two narratives are told in alternating chapters, and obviously they are supposed to be complementary; the saga of Polly, as Richard imagines it, clearly is intended to tell us something about Richard. All it tells me is that Willingham came up with one highly entertaining story (Polly's) but somehow felt he had to give it weight with a serious story (Richard's). The device simply doesn't work, and it results in the novel moving herky-jerkily toward the moment when Richard resolves his conflict with the bitch goddess and gets back to work.

But if *The Big Nickel* fails as a work of fiction, it still contains enough of those marvelous Willingham moments to keep admirers happy. The one I am most likely to be tempted to read aloud occurs when the timorous Archie Schnerd, after much laboring, at last beds down the incredible Polly:

> *Was it any wonder . . . that Archie's knees trembled as he crept toward Polly? True, the measure of a man is the ordeal to which fate and his own nature subject him, but there are limits. A convulsive shudder ran through Archie as he stared into the great pelvic basin and caught scent of the overpowering liquors, waxes, drippings, droppings and other nameless debris located there. From it rose a primordial miasma that hung in the air like swamp gas, coffee fumes, burned rubber, blinding ammonia, electrocuted cockroaches, pole cat juice, boiled henbane, chitterlings, octopus ink, shark fins and other odors.*
>
> *"Ohhh-hh-hh," he groaned feebly, as he stared hunched and paralyzed on all fours at the great twat of twats with its valentine foundation and giant rising column thighs. The cleft was nine inches long and there was a pound of wool on it; bees, wasps and fruitflies hovered and droned angrily over it, or so it seemed in his terrified imagining. . . .*

Nobody, but nobody, writes about sex with such irreverence, such outrageous imagery. The utter astonishment with which man can view woman is rarely depicted so humorously—or so knowingly. That's Willingham at his best, but

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to find it in a book that is also a good novel, one must return to *Rambling Rose*. Willingham's admirers will find *The Big Nickel* more tantalizing than satisfying.

Jonathan Yardley

Jonathan Yardley is book editor of *The Miami Herald*.

Hers
by A. Alvarez

(Random House; $7.95)

The meaning and the value of *Hers* both depend on you. Come to the book fresh from life and be exhilarated; read it with a head full of abstractions, you may be let down. It is not that Alvarez is anti-intellectual in his first novel. Having taught at Princeton, Oxford and the University of New Mexico, he respects the dynamism of ideas and, as shown by his many quotations from authors like Shakespeare, Marvell and Auden, he believes in the interrelatedness of life and literature.

He also believes in getting off to a fast start. The novel's first paragraph introduces the main characters and some of the realities governing their common situation—a love triangle based in the English department of a great English university: "She was ten years older than Sam, but looked younger. Not that he looked any older than he was, which was twenty-two. Whereas she was already in her thirties, with two children and a husband well over fifty. From where Sam stood, that was older than God."

Sam is an unkempt graduate student from London. His lover, Julie, married an older man as insurance against reliving the hunger and homelessness of her postwar German childhood. Charles Stone, MA, D.Phil., D.Litt., FRSL, having served his academic apprenticeship in the provinces, has risen to an Oxbridge professorship. During his rise, though, he has lost his humanity. His problem? A tendency to turn life into literature, or rather, what is worse, into literary criticism. He says of his second-hand life: "There was nothing in the world that could happen to him which he couldn't turn, with patience, into a learned article or fighting footnote."

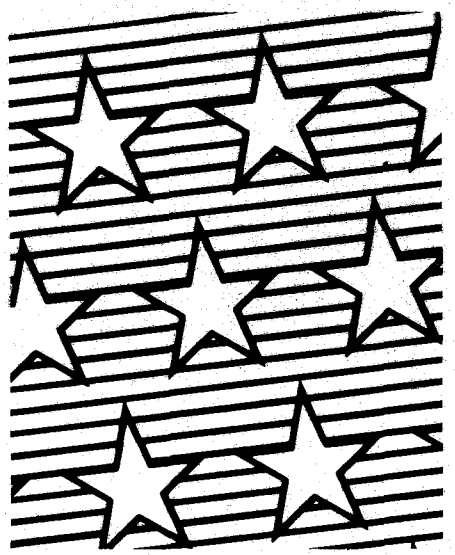
This establishment-bound figure surprises us more than either his wife or her lover. Never sure of Julie's unfaithfulness, he suffers the woes of Othello, ranging in his grief from moral outrage to a belief in the justice of her betrayal. He also tries harder than his two deceivers and thus engages our sympathies more deeply. Trouble dogs him. After accusing Julie of deceiving him, he storms out of the house—into another tempest. The bucketing rainstorm helps smash his car and then runs him afoul of a motorcycle gang who give him the scare of his life. But he finds kindness along with cruelty in this rain-pelted night. The storm introduces him to a truck driver from his own hometown of Derby. Not only does the trucker help rout the jeering leather boys and replace the tire on Charles' car they had slashed; he also returns 150 pages later to help create the book's most touching, revealing incident.

But *Hers* isn't just Charles' story. Alvarez shifts point of view to fend off one-sided interpretation. The technique fits with his refusal to take sides or invite blame. All three characters have needs they only partly understand. All make mistakes and suffer for them; all have an opaque, nonsharable life apart from the love triangle. Each undertakes a homecoming that helps bury a dead past and make a new start.

The start will occur in the home. Though Alvarez knows both the jargon and political infighting of academe, he seats *Hers* in the family. The attention he pays to close spontaneous living makes *Hers* a work of domestic realism in the vein of D.H. Lawrence. His insights into personalities under stress also reveal a fresh, conceptless grasp of everyday life that recalls Lawrence. A very first-hand book, *Hers* accepts life without forcing it into a system of philosophical imperatives.

Conveying this acceptance is a style with real lift and bounce. Instead of saying that a motorcycle thug cuts Charles' tire with his flick-knife, Alvarez uses a visual image, an auditory image and a smile to bring the event to life: "The knife made a sudden arc against the headlights. There was a sudden hiss and the car knelt forward to one side like an obedient elephant." Simile can also help fix a character, as in the case of "a woman without pleasure" who enters the action briefly: "Her face was hollow and bitten-up, as though she were gnawing at herself from the inside."

Alvarez's ability to weld style to his appreciation of the everyday includes dialogue. An ear for both the rhythms



Watchmen in the Night

Presidential Accountability after Watergate

Theodore C. Sorensen

foreword by James MacGregor Burns

$8.95

". . . a very fresh treatment of a very old institution. Mr. Sorensen's achievement is due in large measure, I would judge, to his experience within the White House, to his own opportunity to feel and touch and taste and smell the Presidency from inside as well as to the later detachment that enabled him to see the origins of the misdeeds of 'bad' Presidents in the enthusiastically applauded earlier acts of the 'good' Presidents. In appraising the institution with such familiarity and with steady and unclouded insight, in distinguishing between the real and spurious dangers of the strong Presidency, and in thus helping prevent the pendulum of presidential power from taking further wild oscillations, the author himself joins the small band of informed, vigilant, and farsighted Presidency-scrutinizers who can take their places among the watchmen in the night." —James MacGregor Burns

". . . packed with incisive ideas on the state of the Presidency today. Sorensen dismisses most of the post-Watergate proposals put forth by worried commentators who wanted to take powers away from the Presidency. He feels that the office should be *strengthened,* but the occupant of the office must be held accountable for his actions." —*Publishers Weekly*

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and vocabulary of working-class speech makes the Derby trucker's judgment of Italian immigrants a marvel of impersonation: "Hundreds of them. All jabbering away and making fortunes. Clever lot of sods. Work like beavers. You've got to admire them."

A learned novel that, ironically, stresses the limits of learning, *Hers* celebrates both the openendedness and renewability of life. To read it is to join in the celebration.

Peter Wolfe

Peter Wolfe teaches English at the University of Missouri, St. Louis.

The Virtues of Hell by Pierre Boulle

(Vanguard; $6.95)

This is either a bad novel, a bad translation, or both. It wouldn't be worth noticing except that it's the work of an accomplished professional who's famous in his own land and moderately well known here, largely due to successful screen versions of two of his books, *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* and *Planet of the Apes*. This novel, like those, poses adult moral questions in terms of adolescent heroic adventures. Unlike them, it does so in an unfinished offhand way that makes the story hardly worth the price of admission.

The Virtues of Hell is about a heroin addict who picked up the habit in Vietnam, where he also displayed a habit of cowardice that earns him the hatred of his platoon sergeant, who surfaces later in the story in a different role. Butler, the addict, is a totally trashed fellow reduced to street stickups to serve his need when he chooses a victim who proves to be a big shot in a heroin smuggling ring, for which Butler is recruited, first as a salesman and later as a research chemist who happens on a formula for producing 95 percent pure smack. Cloistered on an Indiana farm and later on a mountaintop in Burma (where the platoon sergeant reappears as a syndicate gunsel), Butler delivers five *tons* of goods with a street value of over three *billion* dollars, which he proceeds to backpack out of the jungle by muletrain, an expedition provided by a Burmese prince and besieged by bandit tribes, only to lose the load to the watchful Feds upon arrival in New York. He also loses his life in a stagy shootout, the final act in the recovery of his manhood, which began with his unhooking himself from heroin while learning how to make it ("Pastry cooks don't eat pastry").

Now this is not the dullest story in the world, and if Boulle had troubled to write it instead of peddling it in outline form, we might have had something. It's also possible that it reads better in French. But there are things gone wrong here that can't be blamed on the translation, notably the author's limping reliance on a Greek chorus in the form of a psychiatrist who intrudes himself from time to time to painstakingly underline for the reader the steps in Butler's development from addiction to freedom, from coward to hero—there's nothing wrong with such a helpful figure properly employed (see Conrad's Marlowe, whom Boulle may well have had in mind), but the author uses him to duck accomplishing in narrative what he offers here only in analysis.

This is a double pity, because below what could have been a good story lie what remain some interesting ideas. Like the English prisoner of war in *Bridge Over the River Kwai*, who struggles valiantly against his captors but even more valiantly against his own troops to defend the bridge he'd built the Japanese while in captivity, Butler is a man engaged in redeeming himself on an absolute plain: good Conradian stuff. He's aware of, but indifferent to, the fact that he can only rid himself of poison through the discipline of creative scientific work that will produce an ultimate poison to enslave others. Like all existentialists and many novelists, Boulle clearly is preoccupied with this kind of enthralling moral ambiguity, and it is certainly a matter weighty enough to support a full career. But in this book, he's simply not writer enough to bring it off. His hero postures and his chorus pontificates, and it's all about as lively as a knotty page of Sartre.

The translation, by Patricia Wolf, doesn't help matters. She faithfully renders Boulle's notions of American 1970s slang into their 1930s equivalents, and the resulting dialogue reads like wooden subtitles of a bad French movie. But beyond having missed the opportunity to make repairs here, there's probably not a great deal she could have done to salvage this story. It might make a helluva movie, but as a novel it remains a botched job, a waste of the author's talent and the reader's time.

William C. Woods

William C. Woods is a free-lance writer living in Washington, DC.

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Vein of Irony

About Fiction by Wright Morris

(Harper & Row; $6.95)

Like one of Wright Morris' many extraordinary novels, this short book about fiction is not easy to package for a review. The problem for the reviewer (and reader) lies in the fact that Morris' mind is not inclined toward philosophic or systematic thought. He does not work his way through a topic (or a novel) in a consecutive, linear fashion. His mind tends toward mosaic configurations. He does not provide one with a series of encapsulating statements that deliver the conceptual concerns of his books to us in a few dazzling sentences. His dominant mode of perception (so rare in America) is the ironic imagination: it causes him to discount some part of every statement he makes, to resist final conceptualization of anything, and to vary the words to an old song, to dance around every topic with tears in his mind. He refuses to oversimplify reality.

The book is almost maddeningly accurate in its title. The 19 short sections (they vary from one to 13 pages) are, indeed, all about fiction, both in the sense that fiction is the central concern of the book and Morris' discus-

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sions of it move (dance) all about within this "immense subject." A complete descriptive listing of the topics he discusses in some way would run to many pages. He settles none of them; in fact the point seems to be to unsettle (that is, to fictionalize) as many as possible so that the book keeps opening outward upon alternatives and the illusion it creates is of great length. Though the book can easily be read in one day, it really never seems to end.

The same thing is true of many Morris novels, and of his brilliant book on American literature, *The Territory Ahead:* they end opening up; they come to closure, but the mind can't close them off. Their end-result is not settled *being* but unsettled *becoming*. The final sentences of *About Fiction* are a good example of how Morris goes about things: "The imagination made us human, but *being* human, becoming more human, is a greater burden than we imagined. We have no choice but to imagine ourselves more human than we are." As Morris said of Yeats' statement, "As I altered my syntax I altered my intellect," his own last words in this book are "mind-blowing" and "quite beyond our unaltered comprehension." The more one thinks about them the deeper one works his way into the complexities of the immense subject of this short book. One cannot easily think one's way to the end of these closing words: they bring reader, writer, and critic together so that they must change or exchange roles; taken into the self, inserted into history, and applied to one's own reading (or teaching or writing) they describe and summarize a cultural action of immense significance.

These are the last words in the last section of the book which, in Morris' characteristic way, is wittily, sadly entitled: "If Fiction Is So Smart, Why Are We So Stupid?" This title is more than just wisecrack: it is an ironic perception precipitated by the historical-cultural conditions a fiction writer observes in his own time. It is a cry that both issues from and pleads for the more enlightened use of that basic human resource—the ironic imagination—which is capable of both imagining and actually creating the alternative models of reality that make fiction so "smart." Americans, especially, have remained relatively "stupid," Morris says, because they have never properly understood the relation of fact to fiction and have still not learned to distinguish good fictions from bad ones. Watergate, Morris says, is best understood as a

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"bad" fiction. In another of his own "mind-blowing" statements, which brings these points together, Morris says: "If it is about man it's about fiction, and the better the fiction, the more it's about. The worse the fiction (*e.g.*, Watergate) the less we all have of the facts of life." One cannot easily think one's way to the end of this statement, either.

This short, intellectually condensed and often conceptually dense book by one of our most mature and sophisticated writers of very good fiction is about how all of the above points and quoted statements converge upon each other to constitute an ironic-imaginative nexus of working truths about fiction. Morris begins, as he ends, with these points and returns to them constantly throughout the book. But true to the operational principles of the ironic imagination, the book is always about more. I have been quoting passages from only one nexus. There are many others, each capable of precipitating reflections as interesting and long-minded as the ones about Watergate as a bad American fiction or the one about how the best fictions provide us with more of the facts of life.

It's a very pithy book. The mind behind it is so mature, playful and civilized (in the best sense); and the control of the language is so sure and artful that, among other things, it is simply a pleasure to read and think about what Morris has written. He is a living exemplar of the vitality of native American fiction. To vary his own wisecrack, one has to be stupid not to make use of fictions as smart as his.

William Rueckert

William Rueckert is the author of several books on Kenneth Burke.

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The Literature of the Dance

The predictability of literary dance forms: the memoir, the glamorous volume of photographs, the stray history and so forth, tends to sharpen the impact of a clear-eyed book of reportage

Dance Is A Contact Sport
by Joseph Mazo
(Saturday Review Press; $10.95)

The Stravinsky Festival of the New York City Ballet
by Nancy Goldner
(Eakins Press; $12.50)

Dance
by Jack Anderson
(Newsweek Books; $6.95)

Fonteyn: The Making of a Legend
by Keith Money
(Reynal & Co.; $25)

Handbook In Motion
by Simone Forti
(New York University Press; $12.50)

Work 1961-73
by Yvonne Rainer
(New York University Press; $20)

such as Joseph Mazo's *Dance Is A Contact Sport*. It is a careful observation of the New York City Ballet (spring-summer 1973) as it went about its incredibly complicated business of mounting a season of evanescent ballets. Company director George Balanchine has characterized ballets as "butterflies," here today and gone tomorrow to be replaced by other gloriously arrayed dance designs. The analogy conceals the brute physical energy and mental stamina required to produce and perform these "butterflies." Mazo describes the daily life of America's leading classical company as it realized these works for the public during one conventionally hectic season.

The book was made with the full cooperation of the New York City Ballet and yet does not read at all like a souvenir program where sweetness and light reign untouched by hard work, injury, jealousy, anxiety and sheer exhaustion. The grind of daily class and performance coupled with rehearsal is laid out meticulously. Attitudes of the dancers and their personalities are brought into the capsule biographies, and when the attitudes expressed are too virulent, Mazo wisely leaves them unattributed, though one does not doubt that they were expressed. The picture he draws of the company does not violate anything fundamental that I have known of it over the past 20 years; the cast of characters has changed but the reality lingers on.

Adulation of Balanchine has increased because the dancers now are almost wholly the product of his company school and have grown up with his position of creative dominance clearly established. His co-director Lincoln Kirstein remains the dedicated servant of his genius and the creator of the instrument (the company) through which it is expressed. The company continues to maintain an unparalleled active repertory of 40 or more ballets in every season, which is killingly difficult. Can one imagine a drama repertory company doing as many one-act plays? The psychic pressure keeps them all close to the edge of collapse and it is this side of the company that Mazo has captured so well. His analysis of ballet is cursory when attempted at all but his feel for the rhythm of the organization is excellent. The chapter on spectacularly rising costs and inadequate ticket prices should be widely reprinted for its lucid exposition of that Malthusian problem.

The sports metaphor is stretched too far, though that was probably inescapable once the title was chosen but the macho mangling of the language surely was not. Nouns are changed into inappropriate verbs, *e.g.* "brassbanded" and verbless nonsentences occur far too frequently. Aside from such technical blemishes the book delivers a nonsentimental account of the world on the other side of the footlights and if it does not convey the joy of performance it explains much of what lies behind it.

In the third week of June 1972, the year before Mazo attached himself to the New York City Ballet, it danced what was the most extraordinary week in its history, "The Stravinsky Festival." The composer had died in April 1971, the spring of his 89th year; he had been an integral part of Balanchine's creative life for well over 40 years. To honor his

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friend, Balanchine announced a week of 31 ballets with music by Stravinsky, 10 of which had been created in past years and 21 of which would be entirely new. Seven choreographers shared the task, Balanchine doing the lion's share. The event was a staggering tribute to Stravinsky's music and Balanchine's creative energy.

Nancy Goldner, who wrote and edited *The Stravinsky Festival of the New York City Ballet* has given an accurate, warm and poignantly evocative picture of the occasion. Her descriptions of the major ballets are small marvels of concision and insight. Recounting a moment from "Duo Concertante," she writes:

The jump from youthful hand-clasping to ceremonial hand-kissing is brazen for its staginess and unexpectedness. But out of that staginess come certain truths: in fact the ending is an exquisite confession of them. It intimates that music transports Balanchine into a fantasy experience. It declares that to Balanchine the female dancer is an image of love, a Muse-ballerina who inspires but is unreachable. The worshipper is the male whose fate is to be indelibly inspired, possessed by not possessing. It is the story of Balanchine's art.

In addition Goldner traces the roots of past Stravinsky-Balanchine collaborations and the mammoth effort of organizing the week. The volume will explain the festival to those who were not there and remind those who were.

A single-volume history, Jack Anderson's *The Dance*, is very good, humanely written, cogently readable, full of balanced judgments, and unravels complex events with grace. Anderson traces Western theatrical dancing from its roots in peasant dance, through European courts and thence to public stages. He also treats the development of modern dance with intelligence and perspective, avoiding an adoring attitude toward an indigenous art form and yet celebrating its major accomplishments. The fluent text is not well served by its illustrations, which are frequently pedestrian and sometimes spectacularly uninformed. Witness a sequence of eight photographs purporting to show the Italian turn-of-the-century ballerina Pierina Legnani in the act of performing rapid and spectacular whipping turns on one leg. She is illustrated changing the upporting leg twice (incorrect) and costumes three times (impossible). Don't judge hs book by its cover or ilqstrations. On the other hand one can easily revel in the pictures and informative captions for "Ballet" by Mary Clark and Clement Crisp.

Keith Money's *Fonteyn: The Making of a Legend* is an unabashed photographic tribute to the ballerina, a beautifully produced portrait album with a continuity text. The photographs are of uneven, mixed quality, drawing on the amateur snapshot and the professionally composed picture. Money has cleverly reproduced them on a pearly soft gloss paper that shows all of them to some advantage. The snapshots look better than they really deserve to and the better photographs somewhat less good, but the gain is in uniformity of presentation, which pulls the book together. While someone else may write a better book about Fonteyn and her role in the shaping of English ballet, I doubt whether anyone will ever assemble a better photographic album.

Simone Forti (*Handbook in Motion*) and Yvonne Rainier (*Work 1961-73*) were two of the shakers and movers who challenged the modern dance establishment in the '60s with dances composed of movement not exclusively derived from traditional dance instruction but incorporating game or work activities as well. Forti is a spontaneous child of nature and Miss Rainer a logical pneumatic drill. These books present their work from the inside and will be valuable reading for those intrigued by the most recent major change in American dance. They are part of a new, handsomely produced series that includes music and the visual arts all written by the artists themselves, conveying the temper of the creative impulse before it becomes smudged by warm reminiscence.

Don McDonagh

Don McDonagh writes on dance for The New York Times.

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Doris Grumbach

Many Americans who care about books read *TLS, The Times Literary Supplement*, and are aware of the excellence of its critical thought and the trenchant, if sometimes obscure, always well informed prose. Reading it regularly, and admiringly, I have become aware of a peripheral benefit. In England it is often possible to read advertisements for books without being continually assaulted by what we call puffs or blurbs, quotations from either friends or reviewers that lend themselves to use in advertisements. So, more often than not, we are informed about a book and its contents in a short paragraph, rather than propelled or launched into it by the heated words of an early reader.

Bodley Head, for example, in the February 21 issue, tells us about its publication of Paul Horgan's *Approaches to Writing* (a book I happen to have liked, used with students and written about) in this way:

A book by a writer primarily for apprentice writers but of considerable interest to all who appreciate good writing. Mr. Horgan is clear and tough in spelling out the skills and discipline an aspiring author needs if he is to become a professional. £2.95

I admire the restraint, the informative detail, the straightforward lack of airy hyperbole in that paragraph. I find I trust it, and I wish American advertising did more of this. As an editor I sometimes suspect that reviewers are writing with a firm eye on quotable tidbits, and that one of the side benefits for them (or so they may feel) is the sight of their name above a glowing sentence or two appearing regularly as long as the book is advertised. This may be uncharitable of me, but surely even the unsophisticated reader has begun to suspect the jacket blurbs that are (often) written by friends and acquaintances of the author's, or by writers who are published by the same house, all composed before publication but in time for the printing of the jacket.

It is too much to expect, and I don't for a moment expect it, but I find it a pleasant prospect to fantasize about a revolution in book advertising in which

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the interested reader and/or purchaser is told in simple terms exactly what the book is about, and with the use of restrained adjectives, something about its specific qualities. Take this example from an advertisement in the same issue of *TLS*, from Oxford University Press for a book of fiction criticism by Peter Jones:

> *In this book a philosopher tries to answer the question—first by discussing philosophical aspects of each novel, and secondly by outlining the theory of interpretation he has used. The book will appeal not only to the thoughtful reader but to students of comparative literature, of literary criticism and theory, and of aesthetics.*

I like "tries to answer" very much.

Lest it is thought that I am one of those anglophiles who think everything good emanates from the mother country, I should make public my often-noted-in-conversation-at-dinner-tables respect for the monthly periodical, **The Alternative.** Subtitled "An American Spectator," it is edited by R.Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., a chap with a florid but still entertaining style (in the Mencken manner, at its best) who writes its editorial—one of the most entertaining pieces of public thinking on any side of the political fence, liberal or conservative libertarian?, whatever. The almost-smooth newsprint tabloid is scrupulously edited—the care it takes of its printed page is one of its most likable features—and it attracts to its pages young writers and reviewers like David Brudnoy, more established writers like Irving Kristol and William Nolte. I find the way *The Alternative* uses a *literary* essay as a lead—in its March issue it is a very good description of the person and writings of Malcolm Muggeridge by Nolte, a Mencken scholar—a refreshing change from the usual requirement that a political or economic article lead off, while corraling all other less "serious" subjects to the back seats in the bus.

Neil Howe's special report from Vietnam in the March issue is, in some of its conclusions, prophetically aligned with this week's headlines. More than that, it is a first-rate marshalling of the facts of recent history and his own clear-sighted observations. *The Alternative* is not without wit. Its column, "Current Wisdom," surveys the press and takes it to account in its own words for its nonsense, its slips, its "goofball stuff," unenlightened gossip and occasional "moronia." Finally it has a Washington correspondent who goes under (or is the inheritor of) the fine, resounding name of C. Bascom Slemp. If that is indeed his real name, Slemp is a very good national reporter. If it is not, someone very good is writing under the name of C. Bascom Slemp. (Subscription is $6 a year, at P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.)

Golfers

One-gloved beasts in cleats, they come clattering
down to the locker room in bogus triumph, bulls
with the *pics* of their pars still noisy in them,
breathing false fire of stride, strike, strike, and putt.
We dread them, their brown arms and rasp of money,
their slacks the colors of ice cream, their shoes
whiter than bones that stipple the downtrodden green,
that take an open stance on the backs of the poor.
Breathing of bourbon, crowing, they strip:
the hair of their chests is grizzled, their genitals
hang dead as practice balls, their blue legs twist;
where are their pars and their furor?
Emerging from the shower shrunken, they are men,
mere men, old boys, lost, the last hole a horror.

John Updike

John Updike is the author most recently of *A Month of Sundays* (Knopf).

Correspondence

Readers on Abortion

To the editors:

Nathan Lewin's article, "Abortion and Dr. Edelin" (*TNR*, March 1), attempts to justify the killing of the unborn by relying on the Supreme Court's abortion decisions. To do so he stretches those decisions far beyond their holdings.

It is one thing to argue that the court implied that the fetus must die if that is necessary to terminate the pregnancy; it is a much more radical argument to say that the fetus may be killed, even though it can be successfully removed and is capable of living outside the mother. The mother's right to privacy—her right to terminate her pregnancy—ends when the pregnancy ends. The right over her own body does not comprehend either the right to kill her child after its birth or the right to make sure it is born dead. In this respect I would agree with Mr. Lewin that it makes little difference whether the doctor strangles the fetus inside the uterus or seconds later strangles the child outside the mother. Only my conclusion differs from his. In either case it should be homicide.

Mr. Lewin argues that the possibility that the child will survive might deter a woman from undergoing abortion. If this is so, the legal consequence is not clear. Once a fetus is born alive, it is a person, entitled to the protection of the law including the due process owed all persons under the constitution. If a fetus is killed inside the mother when it could have lived outside if given the chance, should the right to the law's protection be lost? In either case the chilling effect on the mother that Mr. Lewin sees must be weighed against the new person's right to life under due process of law. The scale tips heavily in favor of the child's existence.

The significance of the six-month date in the Supreme Court's decision should not control here. One sweats before June 21 even though it is not yet officially summer. One can die in a war after the truce agreement has been signed. Reality does not always conform conveniently to official truth. A person may live even though a medical or judicial decree states that statistically he is not "viable."

Increase in the quality of life is desirable, but first we must appreciate the value of life itself. Without the more basic, the refinements will be unsatisfy-

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ing. It is for this reason that Mr. Lewin's piece is an example of the liberal ethic gone awry.

Robert Popper
Professor of law,
University of Missouri, Kansas City

To the editors:
Lewin began his article gratuitously advising that defendant Edelin is respected and shortly later he reported that he is dedicated and respected. I question whether there is any physician in that Boston hospital who is not so regarded when circumstances require and I further wonder whether anyone else involved in the trial is either respected or dedicated. The encomiums' application might be a bit weighted.

Lewin laments what he considers "legal niceties" and "lawyers' rules," adding that the jury verdict effected "shock and dismay" in the Boston medical community—odd in light of the fact that the entire question of abortion or not has been essentially a legal one, frought with legal niceties and lawyers' rules. Indeed the lawyers on the Supreme Court decide cases on such bases and were it not for rules and niceties, state prohibitions might never have been overturned. As for the shock and dismay, the most recent decision's impact must certainly be less revolutionary that its predecessor, which instituted the legalized routinization of abortion.

There are certainly those who wince at a physician snuffing out the prepartum life of functioning fetuses, so that their viability will not have to be dealt with later and, among them, I am awed by the author's compassion with the mother who grows anxious in discovering that her aborted fetus is not dead. Doesn't society do enough when it relieves her of her *inconvenience* (her motivation)? When Lewin writes that "the effect on patients may well be worse if they are unsure whether their . . . abortion will result . . . in a live child that might never see or know its mother," one reels. Must one resort to metaphysics and the arcane to demonstrate the specious nature of Lewin's sensitivity? Just how many such mothers care, but if many do, what is their attitude toward the fetus' use in experimentation? Can't that also cause anxiety?

Lewin inveighs against the jury that he stated was largely Catholic and he laments the prosecutions use of a photograph he describes as "grisly." Regardless of its recent Hippocratic respectability, it's a "grisly" business, abortion. And I counter that since the jury members had probably never seen a fetus, the use of the photo was in order and in accord with rules of evidence. The effect of same, however, would most likely have been identical, even if a jury comprised of Black Muslims had issued the verdict. They, like their Catholic counterparts, would have frowned on the mechanical destruction of an innocent black brother.

Lawrence Houppert
Long Beach, Calif.

To the editors:
It's ironic. First, "pro-abortion" forces press for legalization of abortion, describing it as a personal act and a necessary evil. Then "anti-abortion" forces fight the abortion movement, claiming in part that it will lead to infanticide. The pro-abortion forces make progress partly by discrediting the anti-abortion forces for making irresponsible charges like the infanticide argument. Then, having won, the pro-abortion forces bring us doctors (like Kenneth Edelin) who don't see any difference between live and dead aborted fetuses, and legal experts (like Nathan Lewin) who argue that the possibility an aborted fetus might survive infringes upon the constitutional right of a mother to have an abortion. I am firmly convinced that if we held a new constitutional convention today, the first amendment would be that a woman has an absolute right to an abortion and the decision over what happens to the products of conception should they be viable.

I would have thought that the one area where pro- and anti-abortion forces could agree would be that a fetus that survived an abortion and had a chance for life had a right to that chance. To argue otherwise is to argue against life, no matter how liberal one's politics. (I am referring to the issue, not the Edelin case *per se*.)

There is no law forcing a woman to raise a child who survives an abortion. Laws should be and are being framed to treat such children as wards of the state. Wanting to control the fate of such a child places the mother in the position of wanting to have her cake and eat it too.

When we have reached the point when such fetuses are kept alive and become wards of the state, I have no problem with making it a practice to let the woman think the fetus was dead so she will suffer no further pain.

I would also have no problem with a solution offered by a co-worker: send fetuses—children—who survive an abortion to the nearest Catholic chancery and say, "Here, you take care of it."

But if that were to happen, I can envision the article in which Mr. Lewin argues that it would be unconstitutional to place an unwanted surviving Protestant, Jewish or agnostic fetus in a Catholic environment against its will and that the constitution and the Supreme Court demand the death of said fetus.

Jim Castelli
National Catholic News Service
Alexandria, Va.

To the editors:
Nathan Lewin's article requires serious scrutiny because of grossly mistaken legal conclusions . . . .

Mr. Lewin concludes, and I believe wrongly, that the fetus resulting from any abortion should be destroyed. The reason he gives for this conclusion is that the unspoken premise in the act of abortion includes the destruciton of the fetus. This is *his* assumption but remains unclear in the court's decision.

Let us review an example that tests Mr. Lewin's interpretation of the '73 decision. Suppose a doctor were to perform an abortion late in the second trimester only to discover that his and his patient's calculations as to the gestational age of the fetus seem to be incorrect, and that the fetus resulting from the abortion is not only alive but appears to have an excellent chance to survive? What does the doctor do with this live fetus? Does he take concrete action to prevent it survival? Once the fetus has been removed from the woman, have not the objectives of abortion been accomplished? Don't the rights of the mother cease at that moment and the rights of this "potential" person begin?

If a mother delivered a live baby prematurely sometime around the six-month stage of her pregnancy, then

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suddenly decided in the delivery room that she did not want a premature baby because of the expense of intensive care, would the doctor, at the mother's request, take steps to terminate the life of this preemie? Of course not. What is the difference between the live-born fetus or baby at this six-month stage of pregnancy and the live fetus that (who) is the product of a late second trimester abortion? I conclude that the only difference is one of semantics. Yet, according to Mr. Lewin's interpretation of the Supreme Court ruling, the former has no constitutional rights, whereas the latter has every constitutional right.

Pregnancy is not a great mystery. I have experienced two full-term pregnancies. In each case I knew within ten days of missing a menstrual period through a urine test that I was pregnant. There are other "symptoms" of pregnancy—nausea, change of appetite and mood and most noticeably a change in one's figure. It is a rare occurrence when a woman does not know she is pregnant in the first trimester. I have never met one.

Recognizing this fact, I believe a woman must accept the consequences of waiting to seek an abortion until later in her pregnancy . . . .

The law should read that in late second trimester abortions, the doctor should perform the abortion according to prescribed medical procedures for abortion doing nothing extraordinary during the abortion to help or hinder the potential life of the fetus (as was judged Dr. Edelin did). If the fetus should show signs of life following the abortion, the doctor's obligation is to preserve that life in the same way he would a preemie. The mother should be counseled as to this possibility before the abortion. In this way the rights of each of the parties involved would be clearly defined and protected.

Susan Jones Murphy
Ft. Leonard wood, Mo.

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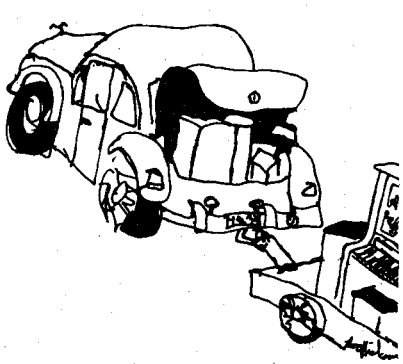

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To the editors:

Nathan Lewin argues that the wish of the mother to have the fetus dead should be the controlling factor in the second trimester cases, even where life is viable. He contends that the "inside-outside distinction" is not important—that is, that even if the abortion results in a child living outside its mother, the wishes of the mother should still prevail. This argument is the same one on which slavery rested—simply define away the personhood of a person, and give over the right to decide his/her fate to a person who happens to have legal, though not moral, ownership of the helpless person. If Lewin won't recognize a breathing human, separated from its mother, as a person having rights, what *would* he propose as the definition of a person?

Lewin states that Edelin's conviction rests on an arbitrary distinction—whether the fetus drew breath outside its mother's body or not. If that's not a crucial distinction, why not strangle unwanted children at the moment of birth, since life is no more a possibility then, without support, than it is at five months' gestation? This is the extreme to which Lewin's assertions lead, when the wishes of the mother preempt the rights of the child. . . .

Joel R. Brouwer
Grand Rapids, Mich.

In reply:

First, a point of personal privilege. I am not, and never have been, in the ranks of "pro-abortion" militants. In fact my own religious convictions are definitely "anti-abortion." But I view that as a matter of personal conscience, and I would hate to see my personal conviction translated into a law that would govern anyone else—precisely because I do not want my neighbor's religious beliefs to become laws that bind me. Let each of us do what his conscience tells him, so long as our acts cause no harm to anyone else.

At this point thoughtful readers like Prof. Popper and Messrs. Houppert and Castelli would say that Dr. Edelin's conduct did harm someone else—the "fetus" or "baby" (either word is weighted) that was deprived of its "right" to live. But their argument goes too far. That potential being was really harmed much more by its mother's decision to abort and by Dr. Edelin's initial incision. If any acts constituted homicide, it must have been what happened before and during the abortion and not what Dr. Edelin did (or did not do) after the placenta was removed from the uterine wall. That is why it would have made some sense (even if it were unsound as a matter of policy) for the Supreme Court to have rejected the initial constitutional challenge to abortion laws on the ground that an abortion snuffs out a potential (or barely existing) human life.

The Supreme Court came to that bridge and crossed it. It did so by denying, as a stark and straightforward matter of constitutional law, the power of the state to protect its unborn before the last trimester of pregnancy. The main point of my article was that this decision (over which reasonable people may differ) makes little sense in practice if the outcome—dead fetus or live fetus—is in doubt when the mother and her doctor begin the operation.

Ms. Murphy makes a seemingly reasonable suggestion—tell mothers that aboritons will be performed "according to prescribed medical procedures," and require doctors to preserve fetuses' lives if they can. My own evaluation of probabilities, corroborated by an informal survey of friends, leads me to believe that this cuts the heart out of the "right" to an abortion. Doctors will not be ready to risk possible criminal prosecution for the delivery of dead fetuses (which will still be the usual result) and women will be far more reluctant to take the chance that premature infants will survive, regardless of

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whether the baby is the responsibility of the mother or is placed elsewhere. The ultimate result I fear, will be the worst of all—a return to the day when abortions were performed by butchers rather than doctors, and to a time when women risked both their lives and their dignity for a surreptitious operation that modern soceity has belatedly legitimized.

One final point. Several readers—including some whose letters are not among the above representative sample—thought I was expressing some anti-Catholic bias in referring to the religious composition of the Boston jury. My point is an obvious one to any trial lawyer. Having an overwhelmingly Catholic jury in a trial of a doctor who has been performing abortions and is charged with the consequences of one is like having a dominantly Jewish jury in a trial of an American Nazi who has breached the peace by making rabid anti-Semitic speeches. How likely is it that either jury can shed the ingrained cultural attitudes that will make it view skeptically any judge's instruction that the conduct is constitutionally protected?

Nathan Lewin

Consciousness-raising

To the editors:

I am not in the habit of firing off letters in a fit of pique. I do find TRB's columns interesting and thought-provoking. But did he *have* to say that *Global Reach* was not "suitable for reading aloud to your wife, unless she likes mouth-filling phrases like 'global oligopoly'"? (*TNR*, Feb. 22, 1975)

It seems to me that any woman literate enough to enjoy TRB and *The New Republic* might just possibly be a candidate for the purchase of the book *Global Reach*.

What TRB has done, perhaps without even being aware of it, is to put off (put down?) at least 50 percent of the population—women.

He asks us, implicitly, in his article to be aware of new dimensions in world capitalism. Without being rude may I suggest that good beginnings for anything start with being aware.

Evelyne Blau
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the editors:

I had been going along enjoying TRB's column and now it turns out that all this time he thought I was a male reader! Even if I were, why does he assume my wife wouldn't like phrases like "global oligopoly"? As it happens I am not blessed with the convenience of a wife, only a husband who likes mouth-filling phrases like "quadratic interpolation" and "sequential algorithm."

Ann Morrissett Davidon
Haverford, Pa.

Petrodollars

To the editors:

I have two questions about "the purely economic consequences of petrodollars" that Sidney Rolfe discusses in your January 18 issue ("A Primer on Petrodollars"). They concern what might be called "compensatory distortions—the correction of one hurts his case for optimism, but the correction of the other helps it.

First, Rolfe claims that changes in the exhcange rate of currencies should be allowed to continue "so that the weak can earn enough to offset their oil deficits," but he ignores the fact that, given floating exchange rates, the *real* cost of oil for these weak countries will remain the same (since oil prices are pegged to the dollar) and they will thus have to pay for it with more units of their deflated currency, significantly offsetting the effects of increased export trade.

Secondly, the possible movement of Arab funds into equity markets would not raise "political specters" for the United States at least in the national security realm, since foreigners are forbidden by law to own more than six percent interest in a corporation in a defense-related industry; thus companies like General Dynamics and Boeing are (fortunately or not) safe from Arab takeover.

Raoul James Kister
Charlottesville, Va.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

Coronation of Edward VII, made with actors before the actual event occurred. But most of his works were illusionistic comedies. More than five-sixths of them are lost, but the ones that remain firmly establish him as a pioneer of film imagination and an artist of charm.

Hammond's first 85 pages give the biography, which is fascinating and sad. Méliès ended in poverty, principally because at a key moment he made the wrong commercial decision. Some interesting points in the story: Méliès continued to work in the theater as well as films, a matter usually skimped. When his film business was good, he sent his brother Gaston to the US as representative. Subsequently Gaston opened film studios in Texas and California where he made dozens of (short) Westerns, some of which were directed by Francis Ford, John's older brother.

The remainder of the book contains a detailed critique of some of Georges Méliès films, a "trickography" of his stage spectaculars, and filmographies of the work of both Georges and Gaston. The latter is not of much conceivable use. I'm surprised that Hammond omitted to mention that in 1952 Georges Franju made a film called *Le Grand Méliès*.

The first chapter contains the following full throated statement: "*Marvellous Méliès* is the first book in English on the subject and we regard it as the most

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accurate in any language." I'm not competent to support or dispute that. Later Hammond quotes Apollinaire: "M. Méliès and I are in the same business. We lend enchantment to vulgar material." I *can* support that, and the concise case that Hammond makes for it.

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Literature

SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW OF BOOKS. Monthly. 75¢, subscription $8.25. 2140 Vallejo, San Francisco, California 94123

THE BEST NOVEL from the underground small presses this past year: *THE GRASSMAN* by LEN FULTON. Thorp Springs Press, 2311-C Woolsey Street, Berkeley, California 94705. $7.95 cloth, $2.95 paper.

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How high do Americans rate their community institutions?

To find out, we've asked the Roper researchers to conduct nine national polls since 1959.

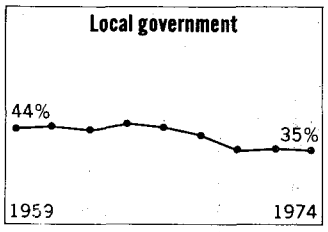
The results focus on what many of us have known—that these have been years of disenchantment for many Americans.

One community institution, however, earns higher marks today than ever before on Roper's yardstick: Seventy-one percent of those most recently surveyed consider television's performance to be "excellent" or "good."

Perhaps it's because viewers like television's range of entertainment, its increased coverage of local and national news, its unmatched believability. They've seen the world by satellite, and their children are enjoying and learning from new programs for young viewers.

For Mr. Roper's 32-page booklet on the public's attitudes toward television and other media, 1959-74, send 50 cents to Television Information Office at the address below.

Television is working to earn still higher grades by being responsive to your needs. We hope the programs listed below will help.



The Runaways. Adventure drama of a boy and a leopard. Tuesday, April 1 (8:30-10 pm).

The Confessions of Dick Van Dyke. A look at the funny side of fear. Thursday, April 3 (8-9 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Black Mountain; Strange Holiday; Lucy and the Miracles; Mauro the Gypsy; Lone Wolf; A Member of the Family; Giant Eel. Saturdays, April 5, 26; May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (1-2 p.m.).

The Wonderful World of Disney. Kids is Kids; Wild Geese Calling; One Day at Teton Marsh; My Dog the Thief, Parts I and II; Yellowstone Cubs; Return of the Big Cat, Parts I and II. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27; May 4, 11, 18, 25 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Income Tax. NBC News special on federal tax laws. Sunday, April 6 (10-11 pm).

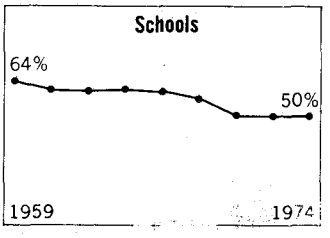
Prairie Lawyer. Sandburg's Lincoln—Lincoln faces Douglas in murder trial. With Hal Holbrook. Monday, April 7 (8-9 pm).

Academy Awards. Oscar awards, live from Hollywood. Tuesday, April 8 (10 pm-12 midnight).

ABC Afterschool Special. Cyrano; The Crazy Comedy Concert. Wednesday, April 9; May 28 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Happy Endings. Short plays by Jules Feiffer, Herb Gardner, Neil Simon, Peter Stone. Thursday, April 10 (10-11 pm).

What's the Senate All About? CBS News special for children. Saturday, April 12 (1-1:30 pm).



I Will Fight No More Forever. ABC Theatre—Drama about the Nez Perce tribe's battle against being confined to a reservation. Monday, April 14 (8-10 pm).

Yitzhak Rabin. Action Biography of Israel's Prime Minister. Tuesday, April 15 (10-11 pm).

The Unwanted. Story of Irish immigration to America in 1840's. Wednesday, April 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Law. Last of three-part series. Wednesday, April 16 (10-11 pm).

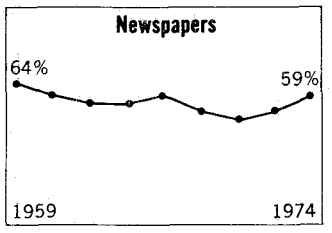
First Ladies' Diaries: Rachel Jackson. Biography of wife of Andrew Jackson. Friday, April 18 (1:30-3 pm).

Julie—My Favorite Things. Julie Andrews with Peter Sellers, the Muppets. Friday, April 18 (9-10 pm).

Lawyers: Guilty as Charged? ABC News Closeup—Critical look at ethics and fees of the legal profession. Saturday, April 19 (8-9 pm).

Woman of the Year, 1975. Third annual program honoring outstanding women. Saturday, April 19 (10-11:30 pm).

Meet the Press. Heads of six major corporations are interviewed in extended program. Sunday, April 20 (12 noon-1 pm).



Tony Awards. Recognizing achievement in the theatre. Sunday, April 20 (9-11 pm).

QB VII. Dramatization of Leon Uris novel. Tuesday, April 22 (8:30-11 pm); Wednesday, Thursday, April 23, 24 (9-11 pm).

Danny Kaye's Look-In at the Metropolitan Opera. CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People on producing an opera. Sunday, April 27 (5-6 pm).

A Shooting Gallery Called America. NBC News special probes sale of handguns. Sunday, April 27 (10-11 pm).

Magnificent Monsters of the Deep. A dedicated doctor protects whales. Wednesday, April 30 (8-9 pm).

The Great Migration: Year of the Wildebeest. Story of annual stampede of African animals. Monday, May 5 (8-9 pm).

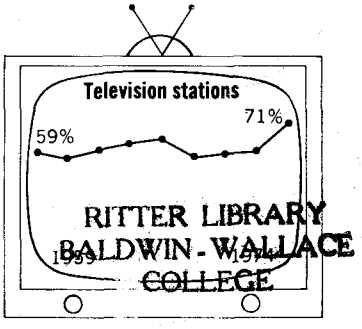
What is Noise? What is Music? New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Saturday, May 10 (5-6 pm).

Emmy Awards. Honoring excellence in television. Monday, May 19 (9 pm-concl.).

A Moon for the Misbegotten. ABC Theatre—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, Ed Flanders in O'Neill drama. Tuesday, May 27 (8:30-11 pm).

Congress and the CIA. ABC News Closeup explores relationship between the Congress and CIA. Friday, May 30 (10-11 pm).

A Girl Named Sooner. Drama of girl raised in Indiana by eccentric old woman. With Lee Remick, Cloris Leachman, Richard Crenna, Don Murray, Anne Francis, Susan Deer. Wednesday, June 18 (8-10 pm).



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REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester, CBS Morning News/The Today Show/AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C./Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/ Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: U.S. of Archie/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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